

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 757.

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**ROMAN LAW.**—Professor GRAVES, A.M., will commence a COURSE of LECTURES on the INSTITUTES of GAUL, on MONDAY, May 9.—Lectures on Mondays and Thursdays, at half-past 7, P.M.—Students are recommended to procure Leachmann's or Boecking's Edition of Gaul, lately published at Bonn.

R. G. LATHAM, A.M. Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Law.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.  
University College, London,  
19th April, 1842.

**MR. NORTH will COMMENCE his LECTURES on the DISEASES of CHILDREN** at Ten o'clock, A.M., on THURSDAY, May 3, at the Middlesex Hospital School of Medicine. For further information inquire of the Secretary, at the Hospital, or of Mr. North, 15, King-street, Portman-square.

**DISEASES OF THE SKIN.**  
**MR. ERASMUS WILSON**, Consulting Surgeon and Physician in the Middlesex Hospital School, will deliver a COURSE of LECTURES on the PATHOLOGY and TREATMENT of CUTANEOUS DISEASES, in the Middlesex School of the Middlesex Hospital, during the Summer Session. This Course of Lectures will commence on the 2nd of May, and be continued on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 10 A.M.

**PERCY SOCIETY.**—The Second ANNUAL MEETING of this Society (established for the Publication of Ancient Poetry, Ballads, and Popular Literature), will be held on Monday, May 3, at 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, on MONDAY NEXT, at One o'clock precisely. The Right Hon. LORD BRAYBROOKE, President of the Society, is in the Chair. By order of the Council, EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Hon. Sec.

5, Denmark-street, Soho.  
N.B. Annual Subscription 1l., for which every Member will receive a new book on the 1st day of each month. Members now joining the Society may receive the previous publications.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.**—Under the Patronage of the QUEEN. Established 1810; incorporated by Royal Charter, Aug. 2, 1837. The THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on SATURDAY, 7th of May, 1842. The Right Hon. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. in the Chair.

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Ticket, 20s., to be had of the Stewards, or at Freemasons' Tavern.—Dinner on Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely. JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

**LITERARY FUND SOCIETY**, for the Protection and Relief of Authors of genius and learning and their families who may be in want or distress. Instituted 1790; incorporated by Royal Charter, 1837. The THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of this Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 11. His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT in the Chair.

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Tickets, 20s. each, may be obtained of any Member of the Council or General Committee; of the Registrars, Treasurers, and Auditors; and of the Secretary, at the Society's Chambers, 75, Great Russell-street.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

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The FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of this School will be commemorated by a Public Dinner of its Patrons and Friends at the FREEMASONS' HALL, on THURSDAY, the 5th of May next. The Chair will be taken by  
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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Dinner at half-past Six precisely.  
Tickets may be obtained at the Hall; or at the School House, Gloucester-place, New-road.

By order of the Stewards,  
EDWIN ABBOTT, Secretary.

**ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS,**  
Whitehall, April 25, 1842.

1. The Commissioners appointed by the Queen for the purpose of inquiring, first, whether, on the rebuilding of Her Majesty's Palace at Westminster, wherein her Parliament is wont to assemble, advantage might not be taken of the opportunity thereby afforded of promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom; and, secondly, in what manner an object of so much importance might be most effectually promoted, have resolved, that it would be expedient, for the furthering of the objects of their inquiry, that notice should in the first place be taken to ascertain whether Fresco-painting might be applied with advantage to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.  
2. Although some years must elapse before the walls of the new buildings can be in a fit state for paintings of any kind, yet, as Fresco-painting has not hitherto been much practised in this country, and as, therefore, candidates for employment in that mode of painting, whatever their reputation or general skill may be, will probably find it necessary to make preparatory essays, Her Majesty's Commissioners think it expedient that the plan which they have resolved to adopt, in order to decide on the qualifications of such candidates, should be announced forthwith. With this view—  
Her Majesty's Commissioners hereby give notice—  
3. That three premiums of 200l. each, and five premiums of 100l. each, will be given to the artists who shall furnish cartoons which shall respectively be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums by judges to be appointed to decide on the relative merits of the works.  
4. The drawings are to be executed in chalk, or in charcoal, or some similar material, but without colours.  
5. The size of the drawings is to be not less than ten nor more than fifteen feet in their longest dimension; the figures are to be not less than the size of life.  
6. Each artist is at liberty to select his subject from British History, or from the works of Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton.  
7. The finished drawings are to be sent in the course of the first week in May, 1843, for Exhibition, to a place hereafter to be appointed.  
8. Each candidate is required to put a motto or mark on the back of his drawing, and to send, together with his drawing, a sealed letter containing his name and address, and having, on the outside of its cover, a motto or mark, similar to that at the back of the drawing. The letters belonging to the drawings to which no premium shall have been awarded will be returned unopened.  
9. If a drawing, for which a premium shall have been awarded, shall have been executed abroad, or shall have been begun before the publication of this notice, the judges appointed to decide on the relative merits of the works, may, if they shall think fit, require the artist to execute in this country, and under such conditions as they may think necessary, an additional drawing as a specimen of his execution; and in such case the premium awarded to such artist will not be paid unless his second drawing shall be approved by the judges.  
10. The drawings will be returned to the respective artists.  
11. The competition will be confined to British artists.  
12. The judges hereafter to be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works will consist partly of artists.  
13. The competition hereby invited is open to all artists, although it has more immediate reference to Fresco painting.  
14. The claims of candidates for employment in other methods of painting, in other departments of art besides historical painting, and in decoration generally, will be duly considered.  
15. Her Majesty's Commissioners will announce at a future period the place which they may adopt in order to decide on the merits of candidates for employment as oil painters and as sculptors.  
16. The range of choice in regard to subjects which has been left, in paragraph 6, to the discretion of the artists, has reference to the present competition only, and is not to be understood as implying the adoption of any particular scheme for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament to be decided on the relative merit of the drawings will, it is presumed, be disposed to mark their approbation of works which, with a just conception of the subject, exhibit an attention to those qualities which are more especially the objects of study in a cartoon; namely, precision of drawing, founded on a knowledge of the structure of the human figure; a treatment of drapery exhibiting the imitation of nature, with a reference to form, action, and composition; and a style of composition less dependent on chiaroscuro than on effective arrangement.

By command of the Commissioners,  
C. L. EASTLAKE, Secretary.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly.*

An intelligent correspondent is of opinion that in our brief summary last week we did not do full justice to the character of Miss Burney. This is probable enough, for, in these impatient times, the critic who ventures to speculate on matters that lie a single inch below the surface, must be brief,—he may indicate, but must not develop. We have, however, no objection to stand corrected if in error, and shall therefore leave the question to the decision of the reader. It is not, says our correspondent, that what was said was not true, but it was not the whole truth. "You have dwelt on peculiarities and weaknesses, but there were noble and countervailing points in Miss Burney's character, which should have been put forward with equal prominence; for she, more than most persons, was made up of opposite qualities, which restrained or corrected each other: and as these contrasts existed in her mind, so her adventures frequently served to display them. For instance, after the detail of her forlorn entrance at Nuneham, and the extreme discomfort she felt from neglect, at which Miss Planta, exerting her common sense, only laughed; it is curious to see Miss Burney brightening up again at Oxford, so as to forget all vexation and fatigue while viewing the Colleges and their libraries—'examining what books were within reach of my eyes, and taking down and looking into all such as were also within reach of my understanding. This was very pleasant sport to me; and had we stayed there till midnight, would have kept me from weariness.' (p. 103.) And it is still more curious, as a proof of the influence of her mind over others, that in the course of three days, during which she had none but the most limited intercourse with the family at Nuneham, all was changed as to the treatment she received, and the degree of consideration shown to her. (p. 110.) 'I spent this day (the last) very pleasantly. \* \* And it was now I wholly made my peace with those two ladies (the Misses Vernon) especially the eldest; as I found her, the moment she was removed from rays so bright that they had dazzled her, a rational, composed, obliging woman. She took infinite and unwearied pains to make amends for the cold and strange opening of our acquaintance, by the most assiduous endeavours to give me pleasure and amusement. And she succeeded very well.' The Reviewer says, that 'Miss Burney was herself the very type of her favourite heroines—much of whose embarrassments arises from a weak alarm and childish dread of the *Mrs. Grundys*—a yielding to paltry motives, and a want of power to break through the lace-like meshes of the filmy nets which accident and the undue influence of the Mrs. Mittins and Duvals have cast around them.' This is true (except that Miss Burney seldom yielded to paltry motives). But the Reviewer should have contrasted with this prevailing disposition, Miss Burney's reflections (at p. 68,) when she had shown to Madame Schwellenberg (the Queen's confidential favourite) her high-minded distaste at receiving a present from the Queen 'through the vehicle of insolent ostentation.' She says, 'To submit to ill-humour rather than argue and dispute, I think an exercise of patience, and I encourage myself all I can to practise it; but to accept even a shadow of obligation upon such terms, I should think mean and unworthy; and therefore I mean always, in a Court as I would elsewhere, to be open and fearless in declining such subjection. \* \* I might have apprehended some misrepresentation of this conference; but

\* \* I determined to run the risk of what might be related, and wait the event quietly. In situations entirely new, where our own ideas of right and wrong are not strictly and courageously adhered to from the very beginning, we are liable to fall into shackles which no after-time, no future care and attention can enable us to shake off.' Surely, too, there was practical philosophy in her patient sweetness to Madame Schwellenberg—learning to play piquet in order to amuse her, and talking for her diversion when they were alone, till the old lady used to say, 'The Bernar is really agreeable!' yet resisting all temptation and invitation to converse when there was company, lest she should make her jealous; and ending with this reflection, (p. 69) 'Irk-some enough is this compliance; but while I stand firm in points of honour I must content myself to relinquish those of inclination.' Again, in the characteristic story of her visit from two French ladies (p. 139, &c.), she shows, quite undesignedly, her gentleness of heart, with her unblenching integrity. To most people the entreaty of Madame La Fite, that they might share her dinner,—the shame of appearing inhospitable, the rain, the hunger of the visitors, &c.—would have been quite irresistible; and an ordinary conscience would have been pacified by the thing seeming so inevitable, and by the reflection that there was no absolute necessity to let the Queen hear a word of the matter. But, although Miss Burney was distressed, she maintained her firmness of purpose—'When I considered, while I hesitated, what must follow—my own necessary apology, which would involve Madame La Fite in much blame, or my own concealing silence, which would reverse all my plans of openness with the Queen—I grew firm again.' She was, in truth, placed in a very difficult situation in many points of view, and conducted herself with a tact and prudence that do credit to her good sense and judgment."

We leave our correspondent's letter to its just influences. It will serve pleasantly as an introduction to the aforesaid "French ladies," one of whom, Madame de la Roche, must have been grandmother to the redoubtable Bettina; and really her enthusiasm, if it existed as here touched off, qualified her to be the progenitrix of that erratic and independent young lady. The scene altogether has a dash of a racier spirit than was to be found in the melancholy details of court servitude, which occupied our attention last week.

"I come now to introduce to you, with a new character, some new perplexities from my situation. Madame la Fite called the next morning, to tell me she must take no denial to forming me a new acquaintance—Madame de la Roche, a German by birth, but married to a Frenchman;—an authoress, a woman of talents and distinction, a character highly celebrated, and unjustly suffering from an adherence to the Protestant religion. 'She dies with eagerness to see you,' she added in French, 'and I have invited her to Windsor, where I have told her I have no other feast prepared for her but to show her Dr. Herschel and Miss Burney.' I leave you to imagine if I felt competent to fulfil such a promise: openly, on the contrary, I assured her I was quite unequal to it. She had already, she said, written to Madame la Roche, to come the next day, and if I would not meet her she must be covered with disgrace. Expostulation was now vain; I could only say that to answer for myself was quite out of my own power. 'And why?—and wherefore?—and what for?—and surely to me!—and surely for Madame de la Roche!—une femme d'esprit—mon amie—l'amie de Madame de Genlis,' &c. &c. filled up a hurried conference in the midst of my dressing for the Queen, till a summons interrupted her, and forced me, half dressed, and all too late, to run away from her, with an extorted promise to wait upon her if I possibly could. Accordingly I went, and arrived

before Madame la Roche. Poor Madame la Fite received me in transport; and I soon witnessed another transport, at least equal, to Madame la Roche, which happily was returned with the same warmth; and it was not till after a thousand embraces, and the most ardent professions—'*Ma digne amie!—est-il possible?—te vois-je?*' &c.—that I discovered they had never before met in their lives!—they had corresponded, but no more! This somewhat lessened my surprise, however, when my turn arrived; for no sooner was I named than all the embassades were transferred to me—'*La digne Miss Burney!—l'auteur de Cecile?—d'Evelina?—non, ce n'est pas possible!—suis-je si heureuse!—oui, je la vois à ses yeux!—Ah! que de bonheur!*' &c. As nobody was present, I had not the same confusion from this scene as from that in which I first saw Madame la Fite, when, at an assembly at Miss Stretefield's, such as these were her exclamations aloud, in the midst of the admiring bystanders. But soon after there entered Mrs. Fielding and Miss Finch, both invited by Madame la Fite to witness these new encounters. A literary conversation was then begun, opened by Madame la Fite, and kept alive by Mrs. Fielding. Madame la Roche, had I met her in any other way, might have pleased me in no common degree; for could I have conceived her character to be unaffected, her manners have a softness that would render her excessively engaging. She is now *bien passée*—no doubt fifty—yet has a voice of touching sweetness, eyes of dove-like gentleness, looks supplicating for favour, and an air and demeanour the most tenderly caressing. I can suppose she has thought herself all her life the model of the favourite heroine of her own favourite romance, and I can readily believe that she has had attractions in her youth nothing short of fascinating. Had I not been present, and so deeply engaged in this interview, I had certainly been caught by her myself; for in her presence I constantly felt myself forgiving and excusing what in her absence I as constantly found past defence or apology. Poor Madame la Fite has no chance in her presence; for though their singular enthusiasm upon 'the people of the literature,' as Pacciherioti called them, is equal, Madame la Fite almost subdues by her vehemence, while Madame la Roche almost melts by her softness. Yet I fairly believe they are both very good women, and both believe themselves sincere. \* \* I returned still time enough to find Mrs. Schwellenberg with her tea-party; and she was very desirous to hear something of Madame la Roche. I was led by this to give a short account of her: not such a one as you have heard, because I kept it quite independent of all reference to poor Madame la Fite; but there was still enough to make a little narration. Madame la Roche had told me that she had been only three days in England, and had yet made but a beginning of seeing *les spectacles*, and *les gens célèbres*;—and what do you think was the first, and, as yet, sole spectacle to which she had been carried?—Bedlam!—And who was the first, and, as yet, only *homme célèbre* she had seen—Lord George Gordon!—whom she called *le fameux* George Gordon, and with whom she had dined, in company with Count Cagliostro!"

"At the chapel this morning, Madame la Fite placed Madame la Roche between herself and me, and proposed bringing her to the Lodge, 'to return my visit.' This being precisely what I had tried to avoid, and to avoid without shocking Madame la Fite, by meeting her correspondent at her own house, I was much chagrined at such a proposal, but had no means to decline it, as it was made across Madame la Roche herself. Accordingly, at about two o'clock, when I came from the Queen, I found them both in full possession of my room, and Madame la Fite occupied in examining my books. The thing thus being done, and the risk of consequences inevitable, I had only to receive them with as little display of disapprobation of their measures as I could help; but one of the most curious scenes followed I have ever yet been engaged in or witnessed. As soon as we were seated, Madame la Fite began with assuring me, aloud, of the 'conquest' I had made of Madame la Roche, and appealed to that lady for the truth of what she said. Madame la Roche answered her by rising, and throwing her arms about me, and kissing my cheeks from side to side repeatedly. Madame la Fite, as soon as this was over, and we

had resumed our seats, opened the next subject, by saying Madame la Roche had read and adored 'Cecilia,' again appealing to her for confirmation of her assertion. 'O, oui, oui!' cried her friend, 'mais la vraie Cecilia, c'est Miss Borne! charmante Miss Borne! digne, douce, et aimable! Coom to me arms! que je vous embrasse mille fois!' Again we were all deranged, and again the same ceremony being performed, we all sat ourselves down. 'Cecilia' was then talked over throughout, in defiance of every obstacle I could put in its way. After this, Madame la Fite said, in French, that Madame la Roche had had the most extraordinary life and adventures that had fallen to anybody's lot; and finished with saying, 'Eh! ma chère amie, contez nous un peu.' They were so connected, she answered, in their early part with M. Wieland, the famous author, that they would not be intelligible without his story. 'Eh bien! ma très-chère, contez nous, donc, un peu de ses aventures: ma chère Miss Burney, c'était son amant, et l'homme le plus extraordinaire—d'un génie! d'un feu! Eh bien, ma chère? où l'avez-vous rencontré? où est-ce qu'il a commencé à vous aimer? contez nous un peu de tout ça.' Madame la Roche, looking down upon her fan, began then the recital. She related their first interview, the gradations of their mutual attachment, his extraordinary talents, his literary fame and name; the breach of their union from motives of prudence in their friends; his change of character from piety to voluptuousness, in consoling himself for her loss with an actress; his various adventures, and various transformations from good to bad, in life and conduct; her own marriage with M. de la Roche, their subsequent meeting when she was mother of three children, and all the attendant circumstances. This narrative was told in so touching and pathetic a manner, and interspersed with so many sentiments of tenderness and of heroism, that I could scarcely believe I was not actually listening to a Clelia or a Cassandra, recounting the stories of her youth. When she had done, and I had thanked her, Madame la Fite demanded of me what I thought of her, and if she was not delightful? I assented, and Madame la Roche then, rising, and fixing her eyes, filled with tears, in my face, while she held both my hands, in the most melting accents, exclaimed, 'Miss Borne! la plus chère, la plus digne des Angloises! dites-moi—m'aimez-vous?' I answered as well as I could, but what I said was not very positive. Madame la Fite came up to us, and desired we might make a trio of friendship, which should bind us to one-another for life. And then they both embraced me, and both wept for joyful fondness! I fear I seemed very hard-hearted; but no spring was opened whence one tear of mine could flow. The clock had struck four some time, and Madame la Fite said she feared they had kept me from dinner. I knew it must soon be ready, and therefore made but a slight negative. She then, with an anxious look at her watch, said she feared she was already too late for her own little dinner. I was shocked at a hint I had no power to notice, and heard it in silence—silence unexpressing! for she presently added, 'You dine alone, don't you?' 'Yes,—if Mrs. Schwellenberg is not well enough to come down stairs to dinner.' 'And can you dine, ma chère Mademoiselle—can you dine at that great table alone?' 'I must!—the table is not mine.' 'Yes, in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence it is.' 'It has never been made over to me, and I take no power that is not given to me.' 'But the Queen, my dearest ma'am—the Queen, if she knew such a person as Madame la Roche was here.' She stopped, and I was quite disconcerted. An attack so explicit, and in presence of Madame la Roche, was beyond all my expectations. She then went to the window, and exclaimed, 'It rains!—Mon Dieu! que ferons-nous?—My poor little dinner!—it will be all spoilt!—La pauvre Madame la Roche! une telle femme!'

"I was now really distressed, and wished much to invite them both to stay; but I was totally helpless; and could only look, as I felt, in the utmost embarrassment. The rain continued. Madame la Roche could understand but imperfectly what passed, and waited its result with an air of smiling patience. I endeavoured to talk of other things; but Madame la Fite was restless in returning to this charge. She had several times given me very open hints of her desire to dine at Mrs. Schwellenberg's table; but I

had hitherto appeared not to comprehend them: she was now determined to come home to the point; and the more I saw her determination, the less liable I became to being overpowered by it. At length John came to announce dinner. Madame la Fite looked at me in the most expressive manner, as she rose and walked towards the window, exclaiming that the rain would not cease; and Madame la Roche cast upon me a most tender smile, while she lamented that some accident must have prevented her carriage from coming for her. I felt excessively ashamed, and could only beg them not to be in haste, faithfully assuring them I was by no means disposed for eating. Poor Madame la Fite now lost all command of herself, and desiring to speak to me in my own room, said, pretty explicitly, that certainly I might keep anybody to dinner, at so great a table, and all alone, if I wished it. I was obliged to be equally frank. I acknowledged that I had reason to believe I might have had that power, from the custom of my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, upon my first succeeding to her; but that I was then too uncertain of any of my privileges to assume a single one of them unauthorised by the Queen; and I added, that I had made it the invariable rule of my conduct, from the moment of my entering into my present office, to run no risk of private blame, by any action that had not her previous consent or knowledge. She was not at all satisfied, and significantly said, 'But you have sometimes Miss Planta?' 'Not I; Mrs. Schwellenberg invites her.' 'And M. de Luc, too,—he may dine with you!' 'He also comes to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Mrs. Delany alone, and her niece, come to me; and they have had the sanction of the Queen's own desire.' 'Mais, enfin, ma chère Miss Burney,—when it rains,—and when it is so late,—and when it is for such a woman as Madame la Roche!' So hard pressed, I was quite shocked to resist her; but I assured her that when my own sisters, Phillips and Francis, came to Windsor purposely to see me, they had never dined at the Lodge but by the express invitation of Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that when my father himself was here, I had not ventured to ask him. This, though it surprised, somewhat appeased her: and we were called into the other room to Miss Planta, who was to dine with me, and who unluckily, said the dinner would be quite cold. They begged us both to go, and leave them until the rain was over, or till Madame la Roche's carriage arrived. I could not bear to do this, but entreated Miss Planta, who was in haste, to go and dine by herself. This, at last, was agreed to, and I tried once again to enter into discourse upon other matters. But how greatly did my disturbance at all this urgency increase, when Madame la Fite said she was so hungry she must beg a bit of bread and a glass of water! I was now, indeed, upon the point of giving way; but when I considered, while I hesitated, what must follow—my own necessary apology, which would involve Madame la Fite in much blame, or my own concealing silence, which would reverse all my plans of openness with the Queen, and acquiescence with my own situation—I grew firm again, and having assured her a thousand times of my concern for my little power, I went into the next room: but I sent her the roll and water by John; I was too much ashamed to carry them. Miss Planta was full of good-natured compassion for the scene in which she saw me engaged, but confessed she was sure I did right. When I returned to them again, Madame la Fite requested me to go at once to the Queen, and tell her the case. Ah, poor Madame la Fite! to see so little a way for herself, and to suppose me also so every way short-sighted! I informed her that I never entered the presence of the Queen unsummoned. 'But why not, my dear Ma'am?' Mrs. Haggerdorn went out and in whenever she pleased. 'So I have heard; but she was an old attendant, and only went on in her old way: I am new, and have yet no way marked out.' 'But Miss Planta does also.' 'That must have been brought about by the Queen's directions.' She then remonstrated with me upon my shyness, for my own sake; but I assured her I was more disengaged, and better pleased, in finding myself expected only upon call, than I could be in settling for myself the times, seasons, and proprieties of presenting myself of my own accord. Again she desired to speak to me in my own room; and then she told me that Madame la Roche had a

most earnest wish to see all the Royal Family; she hoped, therefore, the Queen would go to early prayer at the chapel, where, at least, she might be beheld; but she gave me sundry hints, not to be misunderstood, that she thought I might so represent the merits of Madame la Roche as to induce the honour of a private audience. I could give her no hope of this, as I had none to give; for I well knew that the Queen has a settled aversion to almost all novels, and something very near it to almost all novel-writers. She then told me she had herself requested an interview for her with the Princess Royal, and had told her that if it was too much to grant it in the Royal apartments, at least it might take place in Miss Burney's room! Her Royal Highness coldly answered that she saw nobody without the Queen's commands. How much I rejoiced in her prudence and duty! I would not have had a meeting in my room unknown to the Queen for a thousand worlds. But poor mistaken Madame la Fite complained most bitterly of the deadness of the whole court to talents and genius. In the end, the carriage of Madame la Roche arrived, about tea-time, and Madame la Fite finished with making me promise to relate my difficulties to the Queen, that she might give me such orders as to enable me to keep them any other time. And thus ended this most oppressive scene. You may think I had no very voracious appetite after it."

This long extract leaves us without space for another word, beyond a promise to return at length to these curious illustrations of court life.

Miss Burney's relations with the equestrian were a never-failing source of grievance to her. She seems to have been as provoked at their intrusion on her few leisure hours as they were anxious for her society; naturally disposed to make common cause with her against Madame Schwellenberg; and such of them, as had not "subdued their nature to what it wrought in," delighted to meet with a fellow victim, not so blindly devoted to the best of kings and the sweetest of queens, but that she sympathized with the hardships of their service. At first, it is true, she laughed off all their complaints as hyper-fastidious:—

"How do you like it, ma'am?" says Colonel Goldworthy to me, "though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them! Running along in these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs!—Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man of war! And there you'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! you'll get knocked up in three days, take my word for that." I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me. "O ma'am, there's no help for it!" cried he; "you won't have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and a-half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equestries do! It's a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another, as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from the garden door downstairs; then a third, as you turn the corner to enter the passage; then you come plump upon another from the hall door; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage; then, just as you turn towards the Queen's room, comes another; and last a whiff from the King's stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off!" "Mercy healthy breezes," I cried, and assured him I did not fear them. 'Stay till Christmas,' cried he, with a threatening air, 'only stay till then, and let's see what you'll say to them; you'll be laid up as sure as fate! you may take my word for that. One thing, however, pray let me caution you about—don't go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you! Oh, ma'am, you know nothing yet of all these matters!—only pray, joking apart, let me have the honour just to advise you this one thing, or else it's all over with you, I do assure you!' It was in vain

I begged he failed same piece cried he, knocked down one by one Elizabeth coughing and all the head, drop of candle not a son parson, a together late hunt air of we her utmost uttered a brought ever, by r cried he, the gall ladies, I word, but —after through jerked o it's all h all this, morning comes, lo dry thre the very then after comes to ping do Majesty, rheumat pecting tently "Here, a little b as that!" —barley life! ba "And pr barley y But the room; j chimney bed! ju worthy, "And di bless hi to do th —Ha! me! I'm but not Before give the "Col faction house in way of luxurior had gai the bea readily every p us; and to offen tremely took up any of t me also old sou business me; bu don't b beg; d him ha that he the rest stroke! Oth state o —and



I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies: he failed not, every night, to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations. 'When the Princesses,' cried he, 'used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before this business is over, off they drop, one by one—first the Queen deserts us; then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then the Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles: till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!' One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the King, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever, by relating his hardships. 'After all the labours,' cried he, 'of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favour ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration,—and—and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honour! that's my only comfort! Well, after all this, fugging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then after all this, what do you think follows?—'Here Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty: so up I comes to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes; 'Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say,' he cries, 'will you have a little barley water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket truly!—barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley water after a whole day's hard hunting! 'And pray did you drink it?' 'I drink it?—Drink barley water? no, no; not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that!—And, 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley water!' 'And did the King drink it himself?' 'Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the King!—Barley water, quoth I!—Ha! ha!—a fine treat truly!—Heaven defend me! I'm not come to that, neither! bad enough too, but not so bad as that.'"

Before we take leave of the Colonel, we must give the reader another taste of his odd humour:

"Colonel Goldsworthy was in one of his most facetious humours, and invited us to a supper at his house in town, giving a really comic account of his way of life, the great power of his domestics, their luxurious manner of living, and the ascendancy they had gained over their master. Mrs. Smelt was to be the head lady, he said, of the party, to which she readily agreed. Miss P— made inquiries into every particular of the entertainment he was to give us; and he uttered a very solemn charge to her, not to offend one of his maids, an elderly person, so extremely tenacious of her authority, that she frequently took up a poker, and ran furiously about with it, after any of her fellow servants who thwarted her will. To me also he gave a similar charge.—'I have a poor old soul of a man, ma'am,' says he, 'that does his business very well for such a forlorn poor fellow as me; but now, when you want a glass of wine or so, don't be in too great a hurry with him—that's all I beg; don't frighten him, poor fellow, with calling to him hastily, or angrily, or that—for if you once do that he won't know a single thing he says or does all the rest of the time!—he'll quite lose his wits at a stroke!'"

Other characters belonging to this inanimate state of existence, now come in; but laggingly—and at best characterless and colourless, if com-

pared with the figures that animate the earlier volumes. Foremost among these is a gentleman, who passes under the false name of Mr. Turbulent, in reality the reader to the Princesses and the Queen; and who, though a married man, seems to have been well nigh as troublesome to her, as Mr. Crutchley formerly, like that gentleman, however, he concealed a feeling heart by his sarcasm and indifference. There is a world of meaning in the following brief sentence. After talking over the splendour of the birthday which was then approaching, among which was a full-dress toilette for 'Evelina,'—

"He said, 'You have now nearly seen the whole of everything that will come before you: in a very short time you will have passed six months here, and then you will know your life for as many, and twice and thrice as many years. You will have seen everybody and everything, and the same round will still be the same, year after year, without intermission or alteration.'"

"Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain"—and this simple speech called up Bethlem Gabor's chilling address to St. Leon, when, on having trepanned the gold-maker into the dungeon, the outlaw bid him "enter and take possession of his last earthly residence."—There are others besides ourselves, who will feel as if a net closed round them, while they are reading it.

Nevertheless, the "sweet Queen" continued to be considerate and gracious—made our authoress a present of Mrs. Trimmer's 'Servant's Friend' (!) and 'Two Farmers,' and Bishop Ogden's Sermons, besides embroidered stuff for shoes, and elegant tea-china—condescended to revise Evelina's visiting list, to counsel her as to the line of conduct she should pursue with respect to Madame de Genlis; and to show marked favour to Doctor Burney, when he came to feast his eyes on the great pre-ferment which had overtaken his daughter. All would not do:—at the best of times, Fanny Burney could not disguise from herself that she was but a servant—nor less, nor more—at the worst, that she was a servant less cared for and protected, than

Many a maid that milks  
And does the meanest chores.

The grand gown which she wore at the birthday, is associated in her journal with a scene of hurry, discomfort, and vexation, than which we have nothing worse in 'The Wanderer.'—In preference, however, we give one of the less personal passages which break the monotony of detail, and show that its writer had not forgotten her cunning. Mr. Bryant, the scholar, is one interlocutor:—

"Very soon after came the King, who entered into a gay disquisition with Mr. Bryant upon his school achievements; to which he answered with a readiness and simplicity highly entertaining. 'You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant,' said the King; 'but pray, for what were you most famous at school?' We all expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer his—Latin Exercises; but no such thing! 'While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularize his feats; though unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak thin, feeble, little frame, whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk. 'Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir.' The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail. 'And there's another man, sir, a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon, of the Temple; I broke his head too, sir.—I don't know if he remembers it.' The King afterwards, inquired about his present family, meaning his dogs, which he is famed for breeding and preserving. 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I have now only twelve. Once, I recollect, when your Majesty was so gracious as to ask me

about them, I happened to have twenty-two; and so I told you, sir. Upon my word, sir, it made me very uneasy afterwards when I came to reflect upon it: I was afraid your Majesty might think I presumed to joke!' The King then asked him for some account of the Marlborough family, with which he is very particularly connected; and desired to know which among the young Lady Spencers was his favourite. 'Upon my word, sir, I like them all! Lady Elizabeth is a charming young lady.—I believe, sir, I am most in her favour; I don't know why, sir. But I happened to write a letter to the Duke, sir, that she took a fancy to; I don't know the reason, sir, but she begged it. I don't know what was in the letter, sir.—I could never find out; but she took a prodigious fancy to it, sir.' The King laughed heartily, and supposed there might be some compliments to herself in it. 'Upon my word, sir,' cried he, 'I am afraid your Majesty will think I was in love with her! but indeed, sir, I don't know what was in the letter.' Dr. H—, also, was talked over, and some of his peculiarities, of which it seems he has many, in matters of religion. 'Upon my word, sir,' cried Mr. Bryant, 'he is never of the same mind upon these points for four days together;—now he's one way, now another, always unsettled and changing, and never satisfied nor fixed. I tell him, as his religion was made before him, and not he before his religion, he ought to take it as he finds it, and be content to fit himself to that, not expect that to fit itself to him.' The converse went on in the same style, and the King was so much entertained by Mr. Bryant, that he stayed almost the whole evening."

Here is a scene which may be read many ways—and cannot be passed over, as it will possibly afford us our only opportunity of exhibiting one who was at once our novelist's plague and study,—the Mr. Turbulent aforesaid:—

"With all the various humours in which I had already seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his behaviour to one of the Princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, '*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*' And then, seeing her blush extremely, he clasped his hands, in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out '*Que ferai-je? The Princess has heard me!*' 'Pray, Mr. Turbulent,' cried she, hastily, 'what play are you to read to-night?' 'You shall choose, ma'am: either *La Coquette corrigée*, or—' [he named another I have forgotten.] 'O no!' cried she, 'that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!' 'I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette? La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?' 'No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that.' 'Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness!' 'No, pray don't; for I like none of them!' 'None of them, ma'am?' 'No, none;—No *French plays* at all!' And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him. 'This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!' cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back. 'No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door.' 'Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleaned upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!' She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly. But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her, to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit! He conquered at last, and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, 'Well—if I must then—I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?' 'Pray, then, madam,' cried he, 'if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National Plays* have the honour of your preference?' I saw he meant something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out 'Pray open the

door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent.' 'Not till you have answered that question, ma'am! what Country has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?' 'Miss Burney,' cried she impatiently, yet laughing, 'pray do you take him away!—Pull him!' He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, 'Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all.' 'The Country! the Country! Princess Augusta! name the happy Country!' was all she could gain. 'Order him away, Miss Burney,' cried she; 'tis your room: order him away from the door.' 'Name it, ma'am, name it!' exclaimed he; 'name but the chosen nation!' And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, 'Est-ce la Danemarck?' he cried. She coloured violently, and quite angry with him, called out, 'Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool!' And now I found . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning, and in her understanding! He bowed to the ground, in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added with pretended submission to her will, 'Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises*.' 'Do let me go!' cried she seriously; and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, 'Very well ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette corrigée*?' 'Corrigée? That never was done!' cried she, with all her sweet good-humour, the moment she got out; and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments."

But perhaps, as a proof how cruelly times, and companions were changed for our intellectual authoress, nothing more signal could be adduced than the detail of the following encounter—which, in the simplicity of its confessions, is perfect. Rigorous, indeed, must have been the discipline, and the starvation which could drive the shy and select favourite of Johnson, to anticipate with eagerness an encounter with so conspicuous a person as Sir Joshua's Tragic Muse:—

"In the afternoon, while I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Schwellenberg, or, rather, looking at it, since I rarely swallow any,—her Majesty came into the room, and soon after a little German discourse with Mrs. Schwellenberg told me Mrs. Siddons had been ordered to the Lodge, to read a play, and desired I would receive her in my room. I felt a little queer in the office; I had only seen her twice or thrice, in large assemblies, at Miss Monckton's, and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and never had been introduced to her, nor spoken with her. However, in this dead and tame life I now lead, such an interview was by no means undesirable. I had just got to the bottom of the stairs, when she entered the passage gallery. I took her into the tea-room, and endeavoured to make amends for former distance and taciturnity, by an open and cheerful reception. I had heard from sundry people (in old days) that she wished to make the acquaintance; but I thought it, then, one of too conspicuous a sort for the quietness I had so much difficulty to preserve in my ever increasing connections. Here all was changed; I received her by the Queen's commands, and was perfectly well inclined to reap some pleasure from the meeting. But, now that we came so near, I was much disappointed in my expectations. I know not if my dear Fredy has met with her in private, but I fancy approximation is not highly in her favour. I found her the Heroine of a Tragedy,—sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same. Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which

she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed. She was scarcely seated, and a little general discourse begun, before she told me—all at once—that 'There was no part she had ever so wished to act as that of Cecilia.' I made some little acknowledgment, and hurried to ask when she had seen Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and others with whom I knew her acquainted. The play she was to read was 'The Provoked Husband.' She appeared neither alarmed nor elated by her summons, but calmly to look upon it as a thing of course, from her celebrity. She left me to go to Lady Harcourt, through whose interest she was brought hither. She was on a visit for a week at General Harcourt's, at St. Leonard's, where there seems to be, in general, constant and well-chosen society and amusement. I believe Mrs. Harcourt to have very good taste in both; and, were she less girlish and fippant, I fancy she has parts quite equal to promote and add to, as well as to enjoy them. I am softened towards her, of late, by her consideration for Mrs. Gwynn, whom she has kindly invited to spend the widowhood of her husband's Equerryship at St. Leonard's, where he can frequently visit her. Mrs. Siddons told me that both the ladies, Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Gwynn, had worked for her incessantly, to assist in fitting her out for appearing at the Queen's Lodge, as she had gone to St. Leonard's with only undress clothes."

Miss Burney's notices of the Prince of Wales are few, far between, and unimportant; doubtless the trained tongues of the equerries' tea-table knew better than to utter such a word of fear and discord as his name. The last extract we shall offer at present, refers to a person less important, whose vulgar tyranny did not content itself with wearying the spirits of our authoress:—

"I had a terrible journey indeed to town, Mrs. Schwellenberg finding it expedient to have the glass down on my side, whence there blew in a sharp wind, which so painfully attacked my eyes that they were inflamed even before we arrived in town. Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta both looked uneasy, but no one durst speak; and for me, it was among the evils that I can always best bear: yet before the evening I grew so ill that I could not propose going to Chelsea, lest I should be utterly unfitted for Thursday's drawing-room. The next day, however, I received a consolation that has been some ease to my mind ever since. My dear father spent the evening with me, and was so incensed at the state of my eyes, which were now as piteous to behold as to feel, and at the relation of their usage, that he charged me, another time, to draw up my glass in defiance of all opposition, and to abide by all consequences, since my place was wholly immaterial when put in competition with my health. I was truly glad of this permission to rebel, and it has given me an internal hardness in all similar assaults, that has at least relieved my mind from the terror of giving mortal offence where most I own implicit obedience, should provocation overpower my capacity of forbearance. We wrote jointly to our good and dear Mr. Twining, though I was so blind that my pen went almost its own way, and for the rest of the evening my dear father read me papers, letters, manuscripts innumerable. On the Thursday I was obliged to dress, just as if nothing was the matter. The next day, when we assembled to return to Windsor, Mr. de Luc was in real consternation at sight of my eyes; and I saw an indignant glance at my conjutrix, that could scarce content itself without being understood. Miss Planta ventured not at such a glance, but a whisper broke out, as we were descending the stairs, expressive of horror against the same poor person—poor person indeed—to exercise a power productive only of abhorrence, to those that view as well as to those that feel it! Some business of Mrs. Schwellenberg's occasioned a delay of the journey, and we all retreated back; and when I returned to my room, Miller, the old head housemaid, came to me, with a little neat tin saucapain in her hand, saying, 'Pray, ma'am, use this for your eyes; 'tis milk and butter, such as I used to make for Madame Haggerdorn when she travelled in the winter with Mrs. Schwellenberg.' Good Heaven! I really shuddered when she added, that all that poor woman's misfortunes with her eyes,

which, from inflammation after inflammation, grew nearly blind, were attributed by herself to these journeys, in which she was forced to have the glass down at her side in all weathers, and frequently the glasses behind her also! Upon my word this account of my predecessor was the least exhilarating intelligence I could receive! Goter told me, afterwards, that all the servants in the house had remarked *I was going just the same way!* Miss Planta presently ran into my room, to say she had hopes we should travel without this amiable being; and she had left me but a moment when Mrs. Stainforth succeeded her, exclaiming, 'O, for Heaven's sake, don't leave her behind; for Heaven's sake, Miss Burney, take her with you!' 'Twas impossible not to laugh at these opposite interests, both, from agony of fear, breaking through all restraint. Soon after, however, we all assembled again, and got into the coach. Mr. de Luc, who was my *vis à vis*, instantly pulled up the glass. 'Put down that glass!' was the immediate order. He affected not to hear her, and began conversing. She enraged quite tremendously, calling aloud to be obeyed without delay. He looked compassionately at me, and shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'But, ma'am—' 'Do it, Mr. de Luc, when I tell you! I will have it! When you been too cold, you might bear it!' 'It is not for me, ma'am, but poor Miss Burney.' 'O, poor Miss Burney might bear it the same! put it down, Mr. de Luc! without, I will get out! put it down, when I tell you! It is my coach! I will have it self! I might go alone in it, or with one, or with what you call nobody, when I please!' Frightened for good Mr. de Luc, and the more for being much obliged to him, I now interfered, and begged him to let down the glass. Very reluctantly he complied, and I leant back in the coach, and held up my muff to my eyes. What a journey ensued! To see that face when lighted up with fury is a sight for horror! I was glad to exclude it by my muff. Miss Planta alone attempted to speak. I did not think it incumbent on me to 'make the agreeable,' thus used; I was therefore wholly dumb: for not a word, not an apology, not one expression of being sorry for what I suffered, was uttered. The most horrible ill-humour, violence, and rudeness, were all that were shewn. Mr. de Luc was too much provoked to take his usual method of passing all off by constant talk; and as I had never seen him venture to appear provoked before, I felt a great obligation to his kindness. When we were about half way, we stopped to water the horses. He then again pulled up the glass, as if from absence. A voice of fury exclaimed, 'Let it down! without I won't go!' 'I am sure,' cried he, 'all Mrs. de Luc's plants will be killed by this frost!' For the frost was very severe indeed. Then he proposed my changing places with Miss Planta, who sat opposite Mrs. Schwellenberg, and consequently on the sheltered side. 'Yes!' cried Mrs. Schwellenberg. 'Miss Burney might sit there, and so she ought!' I told her, briefly, I was always sick in riding backwards. 'O, ver well! when you don't like it, don't do it. You might bear it when you like it! what did the poor Haggerdorn bear it! when the blood was all running down from her eyes!' This was too much! 'I must take, then,' I cried, 'the more warning!' After that I spoke not a word. I ruminated all the rest of the way upon my dear father's recent charge and permission. I was upon the point continually of availing myself of both, but alas! I felt the deep disappointment I should give him, and I felt the most cruel repugnance to owe a resignation to a quarrel. These reflections powerfully forbade the rebellion to which this unequalled arrogance and cruelty excited me; and after revolving them again and again, I—accepted a bit of cake which she suddenly offered me as we reached Windsor, and determined, since I submitted to my monastic destiny from motives my serious thoughts deemed right, I would not be prompted to oppose it from mere feelings of resentment to one who, strictly, merited only contempt."

We must say, ere closing the volume, that its writer gains in our estimation. Her conduct seems to have been marked by as much self-command as spirit.

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St. Petersburg—[*Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen*]. By J. C. Kohl. Arnold, Dresden and Leipzig. 1841.

THIS Northern Metropolis, or rather *Petropolis*, has been of late years the theme of so many publications more or less known, that it may seem almost supererogatory to draw attention again to the subject, more especially after the late appearance of 'Letters from the Baltic,' the fair writer of which has given so ample a description of the City of the Czar. Nevertheless, we are induced to offer a notice of the work before us, not only because it contains much of what is new and original, but because it may be interesting to see how the place looks, when reflected through the lens of a German *gelehrter*. *Gelehrter*, by the bye, is hardly the word, for M. Kohl is evidently a man of the world. "I won't philosophize, and will be read," is a motto which he seems more disposed to attend to, than most of his brethren. He writes clearly and attractively; his descriptions are good, and his deductions frequently evince considerable judgment. But we will let the reader decide for himself.

The population of St. Petersburg is certainly most motley and heterogeneous; and in this respect no city in the world, perhaps, except London, can at all vie with it. So far and wide do its associations now extend, and connect it with so many different nations, that it would be equally as difficult to name the people which has not at one time or other more or less representatives here, as it would be to calculate exactly their individual numbers. How many divers races of men are there not, who look on Petersburg as their home,—as their own proper metropolis? One has only to regard the military. There is a distinct *corps de garde* for the Caucasian tribes, a separate division for the Tartars, another for the Fins, a third, fourth, and fifth for the Cossacks; while the *élite* of all these nations are compelled to reside here, as hostages for the fidelity of their brethren afar. How manifold are the apparitions which from this cause alone sweep past before the observer's eye. There goes the Cossack carolling on his steed, or trotting along over the spacious squares, lance in rest, as though he were in pursuit of a Frenchman;—or the gorgeously-equipped Circassian, every inch of his body in mail of proof, going through his martial exercises on the public place;—or the Taurian stalking sedately through the throng, pondering on his Steppes and God, Allah;—or the schooled and drilled Russian soldiers defiling in long columns through the streets of the city. Then all the uniforms and equipments of the vast Russian army, of each of which the metropolis always possesses a sample, the Pawlow, Sameonow, and Paulogradsky regiments of guards, the Seum and Tschugnew hussars, the jägers, dragons, Uhlan, cuirassiers and grenadiers, sappers and miners, troops of the line and cannoniers, everlastingly marching to and fro, relieving guard, hurrying to parade, or returning to barracks. Or let us turn to the merchants and men of peaceful vocations. No nation of Europe is wanting, and hardly one of Asia. Not the Spaniard and Italian, nor the Northman from distant Thule, nor the Bucharian and Persian rustling in their woven silks. Not even the Indian from Ceylon is absent, nor the pigtail of the Chinese, nor the white teeth of the Arabs. Or, behold we the *infima plebs*. There go German peasants sauntering among a crowd of noisy, bearded Russians; the slender Pole side by side with the squat-figured Fin; Estonians and Lithuanians, Mordwines and their brethren the Tcheremissians; American sailors, and their antipodes the Kamtschatkades; Jews and Mohammedans; heathens and christians, religions of all sects, races of all colours—white Caucasians, black Moors, and yellow Mongols.

Among the 500,000 inhabitants of St. Petersburg, 70,000 are in the army, so that on an average every seventh man one meets is a soldier; and as neither officers nor privates may appear without their arms and epaulets on any pretence whatever, one must not be astonished at the martial appearance of the streets. It is

computed that every tenth person is a nobleman, and every fourth a vassal.

Another glimpse at street life is exhibited in its most brilliant phasis on the English Quay, where the Czar takes his daily walk:—

Nowhere is the contrast between the inward substance and the exterior shell greater than on the English Quay. Here the Emperor of Russia walks as simply clad as any other family man, side by side with his subjects, each of whom takes his place in the crowd just as well as he, although, in point of fact, they stand in relation to him pretty much as a doll would do to the Colossus of Rhodes;—the Englishman who, with his *redingote* buttoned up to the very throat, stifles beneath it his wrath against tyranny and oppression, scarcely moving his hat when the giant of the north passes by; and the Russian, who makes quite a delight of obeying, and loves nothing so much as those who *command*;—the elegant Frenchman, from the embassy, who, through his correspondence with Paris, is always best acquainted with the newest fashions, with the exact shape of the *tie*, and whether the heel of his boot ought to be high or low, alongside of the native *petit-maitre*, who ogles the other scrutinizingly through his "lorgnette," as a naturalist does an insect, that he may take him for his pattern in his next day's toilet;—the Reichs-graf, or German Baron, who has by heart all his pedigree from the time of the Staufen, and is fully aware that his own great grandchildren will be registered in the *Almanach de Gotha*, alongside of the Russian merchant, who has sprung, like an ignis fatuus from the gloomy morass, and who will again vanish without a trace, and without having interwoven his name with any, the most insignificant, thread of the history of mankind;—the great landowner, who has thousands of souls working for him in the Ural, the Steppes, or the banks of the Volga, side by side with the unhappy shopman, who is scarce in possession of a soul at all, unless perhaps it lodges in his smug habiliments, which he shows off with such vanity and self-assurance, as if he were all coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons.

The foot passengers enjoy peculiar privileges, and woe be to the coachman who runs against them. For the slightest jostle, without so much as upsetting a person, the penalty is "the knout and a fine"; and for driving over a person, "the knout, Siberia, and confiscation of his whole property." The author was eye-witness to the following scene:—

The splendid equipage of the Countess T. came rolling along the Perspective, when it had the misfortune to upset in the snow an old woman, without, however, as afterwards turned out, doing her any bodily injury. As the old creature sank down, the ladies in the vehicle fell fainting backwards; but the coachman, before whom rose up visions of the knout and Siberia, whirled his whip aloft, and away went the team *entre à terre*, for at this very moment the dreaded Butschniks throughout the whole street had caught the alarm, as on such occasions they are wont to whistle signals to each other, and stand ready to pounce upon their victim at every corner. At the turn of the street some of them boldly rushed upon the flying equipage: afraid, however, to try to stop the furious steeds, they clambered up behind the carriage; in which case the coachman, carriage, and horses would have been irrecoverably lost. Prince L., a strong and active young fellow, recognising his friend in this critical predicament, resolved immediately to do her a service. He dashed in a twinkling from off the *trottoir*, and with a couple of hearty buffets sent the Butschniks rolling into the snow. Enraged at the loss of their booty, they now fell upon the Prince, dragged him to their box, and attempted to lock him up as a prisoner. They could not, however, shut the door so soon as they wished; for the Prince, exerting all his strength, forced it open more than once, and had just time to decry a new formed and be-starred acquaintance who was passing, and hurriedly to call out—"Sauvez-moi, pour l'amour de Dieu; je suis le Prince L." The Butschniks now banged to the door, but the Prince again forced it open, with the words "Sauvez-moi," &c., and was eventually, at the intercession of his powerful friend, allowed to effect his escape among the spectators.

As the architecture and mode of building at

St. Petersburg affords no little insight into Russian character and disposition, we will quote a few observations on this head; the more especially as recent accounts from St. Petersburg remarkably confirm this view of the case. They state that the roof of the magnificent saloon of St. George, in the Winter Palace, has fallen in, and totally destroyed the superb and costly ornaments with which it was filled.

It is inconceivable how quickly they build at St. Petersburg. The briefness of the season adapted for building is partly the cause of this, partly the impatience of the Russian to finish what he has begun. Hence it is that there are numberless houses which, though of recent construction, are already beginning to show symptoms of decay. The Winter Palace, now just recompleted, is the most striking instance of this. In less than a year twenty millions of roubles were laid out on this building. The work continued to be carried on through the winter, the whole building being regularly heated, in order that the materials might not freeze, and the walls sooner dry. The like occurs with most of the private residences of the nobility. Everything is nailed together, just like the decorations of a theatre. The tooth of time will make short work of grinding and devouring St. Petersburg, and will long have finished with the feeble brick columns, that are ready to fall of themselves, while the pyramids will give it enough to do for some thousands of years to come. The Russians appear to build only for the sake of making ruins.... Scarcely a house is ever in a state of perfect completion; there is for ever some meddling and patching going on in it. A single fête, a ball, a dance, cause not unfrequently considerable alterations in the interior of a residence. Is the suite of apartments considered too small, they break through a wall, take in the next room, and get doors set up for the evening. Pillars and balustrades are erected by way of ornament or for the convenience of the musicians; alcoves, conservatories, buffets arranged; rooms hung with paper and spread with carpets for the nonce; and frequently a projecting wooden chamber is built on to the balcony, which is connected with the ball-room in the shape of an elegantly-adorned cabinet or orchestra for the musicians. Positively there is not a house belonging to a Russian which remains fourteen days in the same condition. The hideous *ennui*, the inward disquiet and humoursomeness, does not permit of the nobles sleeping fourteen nights successively in the same chamber. Now this, now that room is the sleeping apartment of her ladyship; one day she receives company in one saloon, another day in another; one moment the eating room of the children is turned into a bed-room, or the school-room is converted into a dancing saloon. So deeply is the nomadic principle engrafted in the Russian nature, that they not only wander from one end of the empire to the other in the course of a year, but also in the course of a season migrate from one *étage* to the other.

The famed Isaac's Church falls under our writer's censure; it is good in itself, he observes, but intolerable as a copy, affording in its diminutive proportions a ridiculous contrast to its prototype, the giant creation of Buonarroti.

It was not enough that St. Petersburg has risen on a sudden like a dream, conjured out of the northern desert, another Palmyra midst frosts and howling wastes, more suitable for Polar bears than Christian men: it is liable every year to be swept from the face of the earth. The wind has only to blow up the funnel-shaped Gulf of Finland when the ice is melting in the Ludoga lakes, and the water can, as was the case in 1824, rise in a few hours to an incredible height. In the Titan strife which would ensue, the palace of the noble and hut of the peasant would alike fall victims to the ravenous flood.

The bridges of boats are all so constructed as to be taken to pieces and put together again in a few hours. During the summer they, of course, lie stationary, fastened to their piles.

As soon, however, as the ice begins to come down pretty strong in the autumn, they are taken to pieces.

Each bridge has its own commander, with a couple of hundred undertrappers. The pieces are then separated, and allowed to float down the stream, coming ashore eventually in the harbour.... When the Neva is frozen up the bridges are again put together, and laid across the ice, as this is so rough as to present a very insecure mode of crossing. In the spring the cannons of the citadel proclaim the breaking of the ice, and give the signal for removing the bridges; but so much is this mode of communication desired, that every moment when the river is clear is seized upon to re-erect them, and it often happens that the Isaac Bridge is set up and taken to pieces again two or three times in one day, although this takes place each separate time at the expense of several hundred rubles.

The winter of Petersburg is by no means so cold as that of Moscow, the cold Siberian blasts being modified by the influence of the neighbouring Baltic. Nevertheless, the public warming-rooms for the coachmen and police are always heated by way of precaution. When the cold reaches 24°, the police are on the *qui vive*, and make their rounds day and night, to see that the sentinels and Butschniks are awake. At 25° the theatres are closed, and the passengers scamper along the streets *celerissimo*, only stopping now and then to salute some one and rub his nose with snow, a piece of civility very common.

At last nobody is to be seen moving along the streets except the lower orders, strangers, people on business, and officers. Indeed, as far as the last-mentioned persons are concerned, the business of parade and relieving guard goes on as usual, even at the very lowest temperature possible: and it is a wonderful spectacle to behold the elegant colonels of the guards, glittering in their uniforms, and though the temperature is fit to cripple a deer, discharging their duties as skilfully, lively, and talkatively, on the windy Admiralty Place, as if they were in a warm ball-room. Not a vestige of a cloak is allowed, nor a sigh at the pitiless frost. The presence of the Emperor bars everything of the kind, for he exposes himself just as much as his officers to the sport of the wind, snow, hail, and rain.

Kohl attributes the great loss of life during the winter to three causes—laziness, *brantwin* drinking, and the hard-heartedness of the nobles. The sentinel slinks into his sentry-box, and becomes a lifeless statue; the Butschnik into his little hut, and by morning is a mummy; and the drunkard sinks down in the snow, and is aroused a petrified cripple. Added to this, the equipage of a noble frequently stands for hours together at the door; and while the master is amusing himself with dancing within, the coachman on the box has sunk into a fatal slumber, or the poor little outrider, overcome with drowsiness, has thrown himself on the bare snow, with the horses' reins fastened round his arms.

From the very earliest period, even as far back as the time of the Novgorod republic, the name of the Russian mob has been *Tschornoi narod*, literally "Black folk." This worthy class of people differs very materially from our *mob*, the French "canaille," and German "pöbel," and affords, according to the author, a psychological study, unique in its kind. A strong exemplification of this is to be found in the bearded Muschiks, who infest the hay-market of St. Petersburg.

These peaceable and friendly peasants are the same persons whose indomitable courage on the battle-field fills us with astonishment. This apparently rough piece of timber requires only a little paring and moulding to turn out a skilful merchant: for a trifling cost he can be educated and instructed, and will chatter to you in English, French, and German. He easily receives a polish, learns how to dance and flirt, and, on nearer inspection, we find him to be a perfect Proteus, who can with facility accommodate himself to all sorts of shapes. It is more than probable that we have before us in this hay-market exactly the same "pebs," indued with

the same inward and outward peculiarities, which at the sound of the Wetscha bell assembled together in the forum of the mighty republic of Novgorod during the middle ages,—the same which placed Boris Goduna on the throne,—the same that overthrew the false Demetrius, and elevated that house of Romanow, which has risen to its present astounding power out of the fermenting and gradually developing mass of the Tschornoi Narod.

The *bonhomie* and sincerity of these bearded monsters, rivalling in their grisly hirsuteness, filth, and voice, their own Caucasian bears, display a striking contrast to the smooth suppleness and superficial nature of the Pole, and others belonging to the Slavonian family. The following example will be read with interest. It reminds one of the story related by Starck of the landlady of a pot-house at Cronstadt, who, for six long years, kept the purse of a Dutch captain, until he at length returned, and had the pleasure of receiving his own again as he had left it.

An English female occupied in the Winter Palace, whose daughter was being educated at Zarskoje Selo, gave a poor *Isdawoi* 500 rubles to carry to her daughter. Next day he returned to her, and kissed her hand, exclaiming—"Pardon me, I am guilty. I don't know how it has happened, but I have lost your money, and in spite of all my searching, was unable to find it again. Do with me as you will." The Englishwoman, unwilling to bring the poor wretch into trouble, kept silence, and put up with her loss. Eventually she lost sight of the man, as he became employed in another part of the palace. Six years later, he one day made his appearance before her with the most joyous visage imaginable, and paid down on the table the 500 rubles, lost through his negligence. On being asked how he had recovered them, he answered that he had denied himself every enjoyment, and had spared as much of his monthly wages as at length amounted to 200 rubles. Lately he had obtained a better place and better pay, and was thus enabled to marry. His wife brought him 100 rubles, and other objects of some little value. He had persuaded her to dispose of her property, for the quieting of his conscience; and this was effected by a raffle among his comrades, the profits of which made up the sum of 500 rubles, which he now came to pay. As the honest fellow could not be persuaded to take back the money, the lady, whose head and heart were also in the right place, put it out to interest, intending it for a dowry to the first fruit of their union, that the fortune of the child might be founded on the father's honesty.

There seems, nevertheless, to be many apparent contradictions in the character of the common Russian; his simplicity often appears but as a kind of *naïve* astuteness, his good humour as innocent roguery, and his readiness to confess his faults but a poor apology for his want of integrity. The ingenious Fables of Krulow, the Russian *Æsop*, which are full of excellent moral lessons, are derived immediately from scenes in the life of the Russian lower orders, and are capital commentaries on their natural disposition.

Kohl holds up to ridicule the love of pomp and show, inveterate, he says, in the German character. One day he passed the German Church, wherein he saw a grand display of wax tapers, while the doors were besieged by multitudes of torch-bearers, and several carriages and four. "What German Prince can this be," mused the author, "who is being buried with such *éclat*?" On inquiry he found it was Herr K., the confectioner of Wassili Ostrow. But if we wish to witness this national folly in its strongest colours, we must go to the German Burial-ground, just informing the reader that from 800 to 1,000 persons are interred there annually. And now read as follows:—"Here reposes, till the day of the great harvest, Mr. College Counsellor C., of the 8th class," (in allusion to the different classes of rank into which the population is divided). And a little farther

—"The mortal remains of Mr. Mr. [sic] von K., Imperial Russian Counsellor of State, Possessor of the Order of St. Ann of the 3rd class, and the Order of St. Vladimir of the 4th class." Sometimes a full account is subjoined, as to whether the order was in brilliants or not. To pursue our churchyard contemplations, we learn that black coffins are seldom used in Russia: coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown-up unmarried girls sky-blue, while older females are indulged with a violet colour. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while, among the rich, the whole way, from the habitation to the church, is strewn with the same.

The coffin is carried to the church uncovered, that the acquaintance who may happen to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the daytime, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles.... All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions, that they do not replace their hats until the cavalcade has disappeared from the sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Russians as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church, the corpse is again set out in state, and the priests, clad in black and white, and holding in their hands wax-lights, enveloped in crape, supply the dead with every thing they judge necessary for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy saws and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax, or other substance. He then receives the passport.\* Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *kutja*, and generally consists of rice cooked with honey, and formed into a kind of pudding. This is strewn with raisins by way of ornament, and on the top lies a cross of the same fruit. The wealthy, instead of raisins, use small pieces of sugar. The priests are best pleased when these are tolerably large, as the food falls to their share after the ceremony.

After this a mass, in Russian ecclesiastical language, Panichide, is chanted by the priests. During this the relations take the last farewell of the departed, all kiss his hand, and among the lower orders the most doleful and eloquent addresses succeed. If the deceased be a married man, the widow gives way to the most moving and poetical expressions of sorrow.

Wringing her hands, and staring all the while at the face of the corpse, as if he were still alive, she cries, now louder, now more gently, "*Golubotschik mei, Drushotschick*. Alas! my little dove, my little friend, why hast thou deserted me? Did not I prepare everything at home for thee with love, that thou must thus spurn thy wife? Woe is me! How fresh and well didst thou sit with me and thy children only six weeks ago, and playdest with thy little son Feodor, who is three years old; and now thou art dead and still, and answerest not a word to thy wife and weeping children. My little friend, my husband, lord, awake! awake!" Amidst this lamentation without end, the lid of the coffin is closed, and the procession moves on to the burial ground.

**King Victor and King Charles.** By Robert Browning. Moxon.

THIS is the second of a series of poems which, under the whimsical title of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' Mr. Browning promises to the world. We have before predicted that Mr. Browning's audience would be limited, and, inasmuch as he has doubled the price of admission, we are led to conclude that our prediction has been fulfilled. If such be the case, even in the teeth of our infallibility, we regret it, for we have faith in Mr. Browning, and trust to see him realize a higher destiny than that of the thousand and one claimants to the laurel crown.

The "plot" of 'King Victor and King Charles' is taken from an episode in the history of Sardinia, peculiarly adapted for dramatic treatment. Victor

\* This is a long strip of paper, called by the lower orders a passport: on this is written the dates of the deceased's birth and death, his Christian name, and other particulars.

Amadeu involved war, both off the bears a and his female proffered conduct. Meanw turns— excitement mind, a should turned a by a crat at last a him, clac the old tomed c This matic; skill. H distinct heart, the ment of loped tea and the concent The rem bold dis Prime of Poly But in and em to which pose be Full of poems cumber of his are the his own founded place. This from the resigna sees the Polysa Begins— Regret? Like the Oh, who Where's Is-left? If he loo As his g Because Farewel Bound c Now fil To spea [Se acc Answer Cha. Cha. Bright— The c And I Tend u At ten Cha. Pol. Since t To be— Cha. Pol. Before You a Cha. The be Trium Who d Vi



Amadeus, second Duke of Savoy of that name, has involved himself, by tortuous policy, in the danger of a war, both with Austria and Spain; and in order to put off the fatal day, he conceives the project of resigning his crown to his son Charles. Charles Emmanuel bears a striking resemblance to Schiller's Don Carlos; and his wife Polyxena, his counsellor, is not unlike a female Posa. By her advice, Charles accepts the proffered crown, and the unswerving rectitude of his conduct restores Sardinia to tranquillity and happiness. Meanwhile the ambition of the abdicated King returns—the crown and sceptre, with all their associated excitements, are an ever-craving want to his restless mind, and he resolves to regain them, even by force, should persuasion fail. Charles, who has long turned a deaf ear to the information conveyed to him by a crafty Prime Minister of his father's conspiracy, at last authorizes his arrest. Victor is brought before him, claims the crown, which his son restores, and the old man, after a minute's enjoyment of his accustomed dignities, expires!

This plot, it will be seen at a glance, is highly dramatic; and Mr. Browning has worked it out with skill. His characters are drawn with breadth and great distinctness of colouring. The sensibility, the true heart, the vacillating will of Charles at the commencement of the drama, his subsequent energy and developed talents, when the crown is placed on his head, and the noble aim of a nation's welfare, which gives concentration to his powers, are finely conceived. The restless ambition and selfishness of Victor, the bold dishonesty and sardonic deceit of D'Ormea (the Prime Minister), and the calm, lofty, pure-mindedness of Polyxena, are pictured with unity and vigour. But in giving an extract, or two, we must once again, and emphatically, express our regret, at the extent to which Mr. Browning allows his manner to interpose between his own fine conceptions and the public. Full of thought, full of learning, full of fancy as his poems show him to be, they also exhibit him as cumbersome, rather than strengthened by the number of his possessions, and neither few nor far between are the portions where this inability to do justice to his own meanings, takes forms, which might be confounded by the superficial observer with commonplace.

This protest recorded, we will give some extracts from the scene in which Polyxena first learns of the resignation of the crown by Victor to his son. She sees the crown and exclaims,—

*Polyxena.* So, now my work Begins—to save him from regret. Save Charles Regret?—the noble nature! He's not made Like the Italians: 'tis a German soul.

*CHARLES enters crowned.*

Oh, where's the King's heir? Gone!—The Crown-prince? Gone!

Where's Savoy? Gone!—Sardinia? Gone!—But Charles left! And when my Rhine-land borders arrive, I'll look almost handsome yester-evening As his grey eyes seemed widening into black Because I praised him, then how will he look? Farewell, you stripped and whited mulberry-trees Bound each to each by lazy ropes of vine! Now I'll teach you my language—I'm not forced To speak Italian now, Charles?

[*She sees the crown.*] What is this?

Answer me—who has done this? Answer!

*Cha.* He!

I am King now.

*Pol.* Oh worst, worst, worst of all!

Tell me—what, Victor? He has made you King?

What's he then? What's to follow this? You, King?

*Cha.* Have I done wrong? Yes—for you were not by!

*Pol.* Tell me from first to last.

*Cha.* Hush—a new world

Brightens before me; he is moved away

—The dark form that eclipsed it, he subsides

Into a shape supporting me like yours,

And I alone tend upward, more and more

Tend upward: I am grown Sardinia's King.

*Pol.* Now stop: was not this Victor Duke of Savoy

At ten years old?

*Cha.* He was.

Since then just four-and-fifty years in toil

To be—what?

*Cha.* King.

*Pol.* Then why unking himself?

Ah, it opens then

Before you—all you dreaded formerly?

You are rejoiced to be a king, my Charles?

*Cha.* So much to dare? The better;—much to dread?

The better. I'll adventure tho' alone.

Triumph or die, there's Victor still to witness

Who dies or triumphs—either way, alone.

Victor enters, and strives to instil into his son the

leading maxims of his own policy. Charles finely asserts his higher views:—

*Vic.* You are now the King: you'll comprehend

Much you may oft have wondered at—the shifts,

Disimulation, witness I showed.

For what's our post? Here's Savoy and here's Piedmont,

Here's Monterrat—a breadth here, a space there—

To o'er-sweep all these what's one weapon worth?

I often think of how they fought in Greece

(Or Rome, which was it? You're the scholar, Charles)

You made a front-thrust? But if your shield, too,

Were not adroitly planted—some shrewd knave

Reached you behind; and that shield were not set loose

And handle of that shield were not set loose

And you enabled to outstrip the wind,

Fresh foes assailed you either side; 'scape these

And reach your place of refuge—e'en then, odds

If the gate opened unless breath enough

Was left in you to make its Lord a speech.

Oh, you will see!

*Cha.* No: straight on shall I go,

Truth helping: with it or die with it.

*Vic.* Faith, Charles, you're not made Europe's fighting-

man.

Its barrier-guarder, if you please. You hold,

Not take—consolidate, with envious French

This side and Austrians that, these territories

I held—ay, and will hold... which you shall hold

Despite the couple!

About the People! I took certain measures

Some short time since... Oh, I'm aware you know

But little of my measures—these affect

The nobles—we've resumed some grants, imposed

A tax or two; prepare yourself, in short,

For clamours on that score: mark me: you yield

No jot of what's entrusted you!

*Pol.* No jot

You yield?

*Cha.* My father, when I took the oath,

Although my eye might stray in search of yours,

I heard it, understood it, promised God

What you require. Till from this eminence

He moves me, here I keep, nor shall concede

The meanness of my rights.

*Vic. (aside.)* The boy's a fool.

—Or rather, I'm a fool: for, what's wrong here?

To-day the sweets of reigning—let-to-morrow

Be ready with his bliters.

We will now endeavour to exhibit the three principal

dramatis personæ, in passages which shall do

their creator credit. The first is a portion of King

Victor's soliloquy on his unexpected return—in

which we cannot but think, that the struggles of un-

scrupulous ambition and remorseless shame, are hap-

pily conceived.

Why come I hither! All's in rough—let all

Remain rough; there's full time to draw back—nay,

There's naught to draw back from as yet; whereas

If reason should be to arrest a course

Of error—reason good to interpose

And save, as I have saved so many times,

My House—admonish my son's giddy youth—

Relieve him of a weight that proves too much—

Now is the time,—or now or never. 'Faith,

This kind of step is pitiful—not due

To Charles, this stealing back—hither because

He's from the Capital! Oh, Victor—Victor—

But thus it is: the age of crafty men

Is loathsome—youth contrives to carry off

Disimulation—we may interpose

Extenuating passages of strength,

Arduous, vivacity, and wit—may turn

E'en guile into a voluntary grace,—

But one's old age, when graces drop away

And leave guilt the pure staple of our lives—

Ab, loathsome!

Here am I arrived—the rest

Must be done for me. Would I could sit here

And let things right themselves—the masque unmasque

Of the King. Crownless, grey hairs and hot blood,—

The young King, crowned, but calm before his time,

They say,—the eager woman with her taunts,—

And the sad earnest wife who beckons me

Away—ay, there she knelt to me! 'E'en yet

I can return and sleep at Chamberri

A dream out. Rather shake it off at Turin,

King Victor! Is't to Turin—yes or no?

'Tis this relentless noon-day-lighted chamber

That discomfets me. Some one flung doors wide

(Those two great doors that scrutinize me now)

And out I went mid crowds of men—men talking,

Men watching if my lip fell or brow changed;

Men saw me safe forth—put me on my road;

That makes the misery of this return!

Oh, had a battle done it!

The next passages shall display the aroused Charles,

determining on the arrest of his father. Here, again,

(and it is no mean exercise of the dramatist's power)

the contention between obedience and duty—between

the Son, the King, and the Master of the treacherous

Minister, is indicated with a clearness, which would

justify us in yet a stronger desire, that one who can

conceive so forcibly, should write as he conceives.

*Cha.* There!

About the warrants! You've my signature.

What turns you pale? I do my duty by you

In acting boldly thus on your advice.

*Pol.* [reading them separately.] Arrest the people I sus-

pected merely?

*Cha.* Did you suspect them?

*Pol.* Doubtless; but—but—sire,

This Forquier's governor of Turin;

And Rivalro and he have influence over

Half of the capital—Rabella, too!

Why, sire—

*Cha.* Oh, leave the fear to me.

*Pol.* [still reading.] You bid me

Incorporate the people on this list?

Sire—

*Cha.* Why you never bade arrest those men,

So close related to my father too,

On trifling grounds?

*Pol.* Oh, as for that, St. George,

President of Chamberri's senators,

Is hatching treason—but—

[Still more troubled.] Sire, Count Cumaine

Is brother to your father's wife! What's here?

Arrest the wife herself?

*Cha.* You seem to think

It venial crime to plot against me. Well?

*Pol.* [who has read the last paper.] Wherefore am I thus

ruined? Why not take

My life at once? This poor formality

Is, let me say, unworthy you! Prevent it,

You, madam! I have served you—am prepared

For all disgraces—only, let disgrace

Be plain, be proper—proper for the world

To pass its judgment on 'twixt you and me!

Take back your warrant—I will none of it.

*Cha.* Here is a man to talk of fickleness!

He stakes his life upon my father's falsehood,

I bid him—

*Pol.* Not you! Were he trebly false,

You do not bid me—

*Cha.* Is't not written there?

I thought so: give—I'll set it right.

*Pol.* Is it there?

Oh, yes—and plain—arrest him—now—drag here

Your father! And were all six times as plain,

Do you suppose I'd trust it?

*Cha.* Just one word!

You bring him taken in the act of flight,

Or else your life is forfeit.

*Pol.* Ay, to Turin

I bring him; And to-morrow?

*Cha.* Here and now!

The whole thing is a lie—a hateful lie—

As I believed and as my father said.

I knew it from the first, but was compelled

To circumvent you; and the crafty D'Ormea,

That baffled Alberoni and tricked Coscia,

The miserable sower of the discord

'Twixt sire and son, is in the toils at last;

Oh, I see—you arrive—this plan of yours,

Weak as it is, torments sufficiently

A sick, old, peevish man—wrings hasty speech

And ill-considered threats from him; that's noted;

Then out you forget papers, his amusement

In lonely hours of lassitude—examine

The day-by-day report of your paid creatures—

And back you come—all was not ripe, you find,

And as you hope may keep from ripening yet—

But you were in bare time! Only, 'twere best

I never saw my father—these old men

Are potent in excuses.

*Charles (pacing the room.)* And why

Does Victor come! To undo all that's done!

Restore the past—prevent the future! Sent

Sebastian in your seat and place in mine

—Oh, my own people, whom will you find there

To ask of, to consult with, to care for,

To hold up with your hands? Whom? One that's false—

False—from the head of crown to the foot's sole, false!

The best is that I knew it in my heart

From the beginning, and expected this,

And hated you, Polyxena, because

You saw thro' him, though I too saw thro' him,

Saw that he meant this while he crowned me, while

He prayed for me,—nay, while he kissed my brow,

I saw—

*Polyxena.* But if your measures take effect,

And D'Ormea's true to you?

*Cha.* Then worst of all!

I shall have loosed that callous wretch on him!

I, eating here his bread, clothed in his clothes,

Seated upon his seat, give D'Ormea leave

To outrage him! We talk—perchance they tear

My father from his bed—the old hands feel

For one who is not, but who should be there—

And he finds D'Ormea! D'Ormea, too, finds him!

—The crowded chamber when the lights go out—

Closed doors—the horrid settle in the dark—

Th' accursed promptings of the minute! My guards!

To horse—and after, with me—and prevent!

*Pol.* [seizing his hand.] King Charles! Pause you upon

this strip of time

Allotted you out of eternity!

Crowns are from God—in his name you hold yours.

Your life's no least thing, were it fit your life

Should be abjured along with rule; but now,

Keep both! Your duty is to live and rule—

You, who would vulgarly look like

Only in moments that the duty's seen  
As palpably as now—the months, the years  
Of painful indistinctness are to come—  
While daily must we tread the palace rooms  
Pregnant with memories of the past—your eye  
May turn to mine and find no comfort there  
Through fancies that beset me as yourself—  
Of other courses with far other issues  
We might have taken this great night—such bear  
As I will bear? What matters happiness?  
Duty! There's man's one moment—this is yours!

[Putting the crown on his head, and the sceptre in  
his hand, she places him on his seat.

Of a like quality is the closing scene of the chronicle. It may give our author little popularity among the many; but it must confirm the few in their anxiety to see him take "the one step more" out of the labyrinth in which he lingers too fondly.

**The Mabinogion.** By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part IV., containing 'Kilhwch and Olwen.' Longman & Co.

'Kilhwch and Olwen' evidently traces a higher antiquity than the former tales published in this collection. Indeed, were it not for the single mention of Normandy, which is not improbably an interpolation, we should have little hesitation in placing it as high as the seventh century,—a period ere England had wholly submitted to Saxon rule, and while as yet the ancient Druidical faith maintained its struggle in remoter fastnesses of the land.

The hero Kilhwch is the son of a prince, whose wife, on her death-bed, charged him not to marry again, "until thou seest a briar with two blossoms upon my grave."

"And this he promised her. Then she besought him to dress her grave every year, that nothing might grow thereon. So the queen died. Now the king sent an attendant every morning to see if anything were growing upon the grave. And at the end of the seventh year the master neglected that which he had promised to the queen. One day the king went to hunt, and he rode to the place of burial, to see the grave, and to know if it were time that he should take a wife; and the king saw the briar. And when he saw it, the king took counsel where he should find a wife. Said one of his counsellors, 'I know a wife that will suit thee well, and she is the wife of King Doged.' And they resolved to go to seek her; and they slew the king, and brought away his wife and one daughter that she had along with her. And they conquered the king's lands."

How vividly, in these few lines, is shown the rude and barbarous state into which the Britons fell soon after the withdrawal of the Romans, when "king overcame king, and blood and violence filled the land," as Gildas remarks. And the quietness with which the queen submits to her fate, proves how common were such forced marriages. She anxiously inquires after "the children of the man who carried me away by violence," and welcomes Kilhwch his son, and interests herself about his future marriage, just as a lady wooed and married in a Christian-like manner might do. She tells him he is to marry Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr, and he sets off to the court of King Arthur, his cousin, to obtain his aid.

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled grey, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea swallows sported

around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his stirrups, from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's Palace."

The description of the steed—the dress of the rider, valued at so many hundred kine—remind us of similar descriptions in the earliest bardic remains; and the spirit with which Kilhwch's entrance into the hall of King Arthur is told, and the rude welcome he meets, prove the high antiquity of this curious tale:—

"Spoke the youth, 'Is there a porter?' 'There is; and if thou holdest not thy peace small will be thy welcome.' 'Open the portal.' 'I will not open it.' 'Wherefore not?' 'The knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's hall, and none may enter therein but the son of a king of a privileged country, or a craftsman bringing his craft. But there will be refreshment for thy dogs and for thy horses; and for thee there will be collops cooked and peppered, and luscious wine and mirthful songs, and food for fifty men shall be brought unto thee in the guest chamber, where the stranger and the sons of other countries eat, who come not unto the precincts of the Palace of Arthur. Thou wilt fare no worse there than thou wouldst with Arthur in the court. A lady shall smooth thy couch, and shall lull thee with songs; and early to-morrow morning, when the gate is open for the multitude that came hither to-day, for thee shall it be opened first, and thou mayest sit in the place that thou shalt choose in Arthur's Hall, from the upper end to the lower.' Said the youth, that will I not do. If thou openest the gate, it is well. If thou dost not open it, I will bring disgrace upon thy Lord, and evil report upon thee. And I will set up three shouts at this very gate, than which none were ever more deadly, from the top of Pengwae in Cornwall to the bottom of Dinsol, in the North, and to Egnair Oerfel, in Ireland."

The threat of these fearful shouts seems to have quite overcome the porter's heart. He proceeds to tell the King what a noble youth is waiting outside:—

"Then said Arthur, 'If walking thou didst enter in here, return thou running. And every one that beholds the light, and every one that opens and shuts the eye, let him show him respect, and serve him, some with gold mounted drinking horns, others with collops cooked and peppered, until food and drink can be prepared for him. It is unbefitting to keep such a man as thou sayest he is in the wind and the rain.' Said Kai, 'By the hand of my friend, if thou wouldst follow my counsel, thou wouldst not break through the laws of the Court because of him.' 'Not so, blessed Kai, it is an honour to us to be resorted to, and the greater our courtesy the greater will be our renown, and our fame, and our glory.' And Glewlwyd came to the gate, and opened the gate before him; and although all dismounted upon the horseblock at the gate, yet did he not dismount, but he rode in upon his charger. Then said Kilhwch, 'Greeting be unto thee, Sovereign Ruler of this Island; and be this greeting no less unto the lowest than unto the highest, and be it equally unto thy guests, and thy warriors and thy chieftains—let all partake of it as completely as thyself. And complete be thy favour and thy fame, and thy glory, throughout all this Island.' 'Greeting unto thee also,' said Arthur, 'sit thou between two of my warriors, and thou shalt have minstrels before thee, and thou shalt enjoy the privileges of a king born to a throne, as long as thou remainest here. And when I dispense my presents to the visitors and strangers in this court, they shall be in thy hand at my commencing.' Said the youth, 'I came not here to consume meat and drink; but if I obtain the boon that I seek, I will requite it thee, and extol thee; and if I have it not, I will bear forth thy dispraise to the four quarters of the world, as far as thy renown has extended.' Then said Arthur, 'Since thou wilt not remain here, chieftain, thou shalt receive the boon

whatsoever thy tongue may name, as far as the wind dries, and the rain moistens, and the sun revives; and the sea incircles, and the earth extends; save only my ship, and my mantle, and Caledwylch, my sword, and Rhongomyant, my lance, and Wyneb gwrthucher, my shield, and Carwenhai, my dagger, and Gwenhwyfar, my wife. By the truth of Heaven, thou shalt have it cheerfully, name what thou wilt: 'I would that thou bleest my hair.' 'That shall be granted thee.' And Arthur took a golden comb, and scissors, whereof the loops were of silver, and he combed his hair."

This "blesting the hair," as we learn from a note, was a custom, during the eighth century, among persons of high birth, and was considered to confer a sort of sponsorship on the person who performed the ceremony. It was, however, in use four centuries earlier, for Constantine sent the hair of his son Heraclius to the Pope, as a token that he desired him to be his son's adoptive father. This incident we do not recollect to have met with in any other tale. From the subsequent conversation, we find that Arthur evidently considered this act as pledging him to afford assistance. When therefore Kilhwch requests that Arthur will obtain Olwen for him, the King at once promises, although he has never heard of the maiden, much less of the dangers by which she is surrounded.

After long search, the company at length arrive at the castle of Yspaddaden Penkawr, and Kilhwch obtains a sight of the fair Olwen, his daughter, whose "bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan," and beneath whose footsteps "four white trefoils sprung up, and therefore was she called Olwen." Yspaddaden Penkawr seems to be of an ogre-like character, very old, very fierce, and very cunning. That he should not approve of his daughter marrying, is however but natural, for we find that he is to die on her wedding-day. There is certainly little courtesy in Kilhwch's first introduction to his future father-in-law. His companions slay the nine porters, and the nine watch-dogs, "without one of them barking," and proceed to the hall. They greet the old king courteously, as though killing his guards were a thing of course; and, having made their request, and been told to return on the morrow for an answer,—

"They rose to go forth, and Yspaddaden Penkawr seized one of the three poisoned darts that lay beside him, and threw it after them. And Bedwyr caught it, and flung it, and pierced Yspaddaden Penkawr grievously with it through the knee. Then he said, 'A cursed ungentle son-in-law, truly. I shall ever walk the worse for his rudeness, and shall ever be without a cure. This poisoned iron pains me like the bite of a gad-fly. Cursed be the smith who forged it, and the anvil whereon it was wrought! So sharp is it!'"

The next day they return, but he again postpones his answer:—

"As they rose up, he took the second dart that was beside him, and cast it after them. And Mew the son of Gwaedd caught it, and flung it back at him, and wounded him in the centre of the breast, so that it came out at the small of his back. 'A cursed ungentle son-in-law, truly,' said he, 'the hard iron pains me like the bite of a horse-leech. Cursed be the hearth whereon it was heated, and the smith who formed it! So sharp is it! Henceforth, whenever I go up a hill, I shall have a scant in my breath, and a pain in my chest, and I shall often loathe my food.' And they went to meat. And the third day they returned to the palace. And Yspaddaden Penkawr said to them, 'Shoot not at me again, unless you desire death. Where are my attendants? Lift up the forks of my eye-brows which have fallen over my eye-balls, that I may see the fashion of my son-in-law.' Then they arose, and, as they did so, Yspaddaden Penkawr took the third poisoned dart, and cast it at them. And Kilhwch caught it, and threw it vigorously, and wounded him through the eye-ball, so that the dart came out at the back of



his head. 'A cursed ungentle son-in-law, truly! As long as I remain alive, my eyesight will be the worse. Whenever I go against the wind, my eyes will water; and peradventure my head will burn, and I shall have a giddiness every new moon. Cursed be the fire in which it was forged. Like the bite of a mad dog is the stroke of this poisoned iron.' And they went to meat."

On the third day, they threaten the old man with farther harm, and declare that if he will not give his daughter, they will put him to death. The poisoned arrows being exhausted, Yspaddaden, offers a parley, and Kilhwch promises to give whatever shall be required. Now begins a bead-roll that fills twelve pages, of all manner of out of the way and marvellous things, demanded by the old man, and promised by the intended son-in-law, whose laconic answer to each stipulation is, "It will be easy for me to compass this."

The list is curious,—nonsensical as at first sight it may appear,—for it illustrates the habits and manners, no less than the superstition of our forefathers, at a period of which we have very few authentic remains. The "dun oxen," and the "horned oxen," to plough the waste land; the grain to make the beer, and the honey to make the mead for the bridal feast; a vessel, the most capacious of any known, to contain the one, and the horn of Gwlgawd Gododin to hold the other; the wonderful basket of some one with an equally unpronounceable name, in which, "if the whole world should come together, thrice nine men at a time, the meat that each of them desired would be found within,"—a hint from whence the original notion of the Sangreal and its emerald dish may perhaps have been derived,—all show how little influence Roman luxury had upon the manners of the ancient Britons, although for more than four centuries subjected to Roman sway. Then there is a wonderful dog, a horse, "a swift as the wave," and a huntsman, and a giant's sword, proving a state of society where man obtains his chief sustenance by the chase and warfare; while the harp of Teirtu, which "when a man desires that it should play, it does so of itself, and when he desires that it should cease it ceases," recalls us to the days of chivalrous romance and saintly legend, and indeed to the nursery tale,—for not only did the magic harp sound "a Binorie, O binorie," and that of St. Dunstan play without touch of mortal finger, but that far-renowned hero of our childhood "Jack-the-giant-killer," stole just such a harp from the giant. The chief object, however, is the boar Tŵrch Trwyth, a furious animal, possessing the unusual swinish ornaments of a gold comb and scissors, "between his two ears;" which comb and scissors the old prince has set his heart upon, since his locks are of so stubborn a quality that no other comb or scissors can have any effect on them. He also demands "the blood of the jet black sorceress, the daughter of the pure white sorceress," whose appropriate dwelling is on the confines of hell.

Kilhwch and his companions now set forth to obtain these marvels, and they are accompanied by a man skilled in the languages of beasts and birds. The following has a wild poetry and earnestness about it, which seems to point it out as belonging to a remote period:—

"They went forward until they came to the Ousel of Cilgwri. And Gwrhyr adjured her, for the sake of Heaven, saying, 'Tell me if thou knowest aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken when three nights old from between his mother and the wall.' And the Ousel answered, 'When I first came here, there was a smith's anvil in this place, and I was then a young bird; and from that time no work has been done upon it, save the pecking of my beak every evening, and now there is not so much as the size of a nut remaining thereof; yet the vengeance of Heaven be upon me, if during all that time I

have ever heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless I will do that which is right, and that which it is fitting that I should do for an embassy from Arthur. There is a race of animals who were formed before me, and I will be your guide to them.' So they proceeded to the place where was the Stag of Redynvre. 'Stag of Redynvre, behold we are come to thee, an embassy from Arthur, for we have not heard of any animal older than thou. Say, knowest thou aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken from his mother when three nights old?' The Stag said, 'When first I came hither, there was a plain all around me, without any trees save one oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with an hundred branches. And that oak has since perished, so that now nothing remains of it but the withered stump; and from that day to this I have been here, yet have I never heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless, being an embassy from Arthur, I will be your guide to the place where there is an animal which was formed before I was.' So they proceeded to the place where was the Owl of Cwm Cawlyd. 'Owl of Cwm Cawlyd, here is an embassy from Arthur; knowest thou aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken after three nights from his mother?' 'If I knew I would tell you. When first I came hither, the wide valley you see was a wooded glen. And a race of men came and rooted it up. And there grew there a second wood; and this wood is the third. My wings, are they not withered stumps? Yet all this time, even until to-day, I have never heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless, I will be the guide of Arthur's embassy until you come to the place where is the oldest animal in this world, and the one that has travelled most, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy.' Gwrhyr said, 'Eagle of Gwern Abwy, we have come to thee an embassy from Arthur, to ask thee if thou knowest aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken from his mother when he was three nights old.' The Eagle said, 'I have been here for a great space of time, and when I first came hither there was a rock here, from the top of which I pecked at the stars, every evening; and now it is not so much as a span high. From that day to this I have been here, and I have never heard of the man for whom you inquire, except once when I went in search of food as far as Llyn Llyw. And when I came there, I struck my talons into a salmon, thinking he would serve me as food for a long time. But he drew me into the deep, and I was scarcely able to escape from him. After that I went with my whole kindred to attack him, and to try to destroy him, but he sent messengers, and made peace with me; and came and besought me to take fifty fish spears out of his back. Unless he know something of him whom you seek, I cannot tell you may. However, I will guide you to the place where he is.'

The salmon informs them that Mabon is a captive at Gloucester; they proceed thither, release him, and then the search after the various marvels proceeds, much in that rapid and unsatisfactory manner which marks the *dénouement* of Marie's graceful and, but for that fault, finished 'Lais.' The giant's sword being obtained, and Mabon ready to conduct the expedition, "the water begins to quench the fire, and the fire begins to burn the stick," and with equal rapidity to that with which the old woman in the old tale gets home that night, are the various articles obtained. Kilhwch at length stands before Yspaddaden Penkawr, when "Kau of North Britain" very unceremoniously shaves "his beard, skin, and flesh off, from ear to ear." "Art thou shaved, man?" is the dutiful son-in-law's question. The old man feelingly acknowledges that he is; but adds, that his daughter has been obtained solely through the valour of King Arthur. One of Kilhwch's companions now cuts short the colloquy by cutting off the old man's head; the castle, treasures, and Olwen become the property of the victor, and thus ends this wild but venerable story.

We have been somewhat liberal in our quotations from 'Kilhwch and Olwen,' because it would be difficult to find in the whole range of English fiction a tale of equal antiquity, and

one which places the rude, warlike, and imaginative character of our Celtic aborigines so vividly before us. Lady Charlotte Guest deserves the thanks not only of the literary antiquary, but of the philosophical historian, for her exertions in this department of literature.

*Rambles in the Country*, by the Sherwood Forester. —This little book, appropriately published by Thomas Miller, is no less appropriately a Spring offering, inasmuch as it tells of health and hope, and grain springing, which some among us may see in the full ear of harvest time. Talk of the merry days of old England—of Robin Hood, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian—may not our own be called the "merry and wise" days, when we find the rural population of a romantic district so touched by its traditions and its beauty, as to be led thereby to unite in poetical good fellowship, and intellectual enjoyment! We have been seduced into this flourish of good will, by the last pages of the volume, which contain an account of a Sherwood Feast—but its foregoing contents have sufficient healthy and nourishing merit, to justify a good word. That we notice the work briefly, is only another testimony to the increase of a literature which ought to gladden every English heart. Had it been the first of its class, we should have devoted greater space to its contents. As matters stand, we can but give it a welcome reception, and commend it to all who interest themselves in the progress of the people.

*A Hand-Book to Westminster Abbey*, by Felix Summery. —A volume got up in excellent taste, and written in a right spirit; critical so far as criticism could be allowed, but always suggestive, and testing opinions by reference to principles. As if to perfect the interest of the work, its fifty-six illustrative engravings have all been executed by women; and some amateurs, Lady Calcott and Lady Palgrave amongst others, have gracefully contributed drawings, and thus associated their names with their sister artists. The work is professedly a Guide Book, and excellent in its way; but it is also a handsome volume for a drawing-room table, and worthy an honoured place on every lady's library shelves.

*List of New Books*.—China, by Hugh Murray, and other Authors, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s. cl. lettered.—British India, by Hugh Murray, &c. 3rd edit. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s. cl. lettered.—The Universal Steam-Packet Guide, or Traveller's Companion for 1842, 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—The Churchwarden's Manual, or Guide to the Ordinary Duties of a Churchwarden, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Scenes of Joy and Woe, by Evan Rhysse; scene first, The Blessed Apparition, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Houghton's Printer's Practical Every Day Book, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Law of Patents for Inventions explained, by W. Capponell, 3rd edit. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Elements of Astronomy, by Hugo Reid, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edit. Vol. I. 2s. half Russia.—Poems, by Robert Nicoll, 2nd edit., with a Memoir of the Author, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Bentham's (J.) Works, Part XX., royal 8vo. 9s. cl.—Smith's (H. S.) Register of Contested Elections, containing the untested Elections since 1830, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Narrative of a Recent Imprisonment in China, by J. L. Scott, new edit. 4s. 6d. cl.—'Open and See,' by Author of 'Aids to Development,' 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Wilson's (W. J. E.) Anatomist's Vade-Mecum, new edit. 12mo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Curtis (J. H.) on the Preservation of Health, new edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Greig's (J.) Flower Grower's Instructor, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—D'Arlay's (Madame) Diary and Letters, Vol. III., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Fassion and Principle, a Novel, edited by Capt. F. Chamier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bd.—The Complete Works of Michael de Montaigne, royal 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.—Leviac's (M. de) French and English Dictionary, 12mo. 9s. 6d.—Blackwood's Standard Novels, Vol. VII., Valerius, 12mo. 6s. cl.—The Hand-Book of Turning, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Softness, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bd.—The Nature and Causes of Epilepsy, with the Function of the Spleen, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Hind's Principles and Practice of Arithmetic, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Scott's (Col.) Journal in the Residence of Esmaïla of Abd El Kader, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Tales of the Jury Room, 3 vols. small 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Griffin's (G.) Works, Vol. IV., the Rivals and Tracy's Ambition, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Bingley's (Rev. W.) Useful Knowledge, new edit. by D. Cooper, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. cl. lettered.—Murgeaud's French Grammar, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Magee's Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bd.—Trollope's Analeceta Theologica, 2 vols. 8vo. 17s. 6d. cl.—Newman's Parochial Sermons, 3rd edit., Vol. IV., 8vo. 10s. 6d. bd.—Webb's (d. B.) Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem, new edit. with plan, 4s. 6d. cl.—The Progress of Religion, by Sir A. Edmonstone, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Olivant's (Dr.) Analysis of the History of Joseph, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Wolfe's (Rev. C.) Remains, new edit. 6s. cl.—Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Family Prayers, 4s. 6d. cl.—Life and Defence of Bishop Bonner, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Messiah, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, new edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Giens of Protestant Truth, from the Speeches, &c. of Edward Dalton, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Elwin Sermons, 12mo. 5s. cl.

## SPRING.

Grey Winter stares aghast!—

For the merry Spring, outleaping,

Over his cold domain hath passed,

And summoned up the sleeping.

From their nook in the wild-wood glade,

The Fays come forth to meet him,

And the Pixies, 'neath the old oak shade,

With joyous welcome greet him.

The withered crown from his brow

He doth pluck, and away they bear it,

And they weave him a chaplet green, I trow,

And shout to see him wear it.

And now grey Winter stands

In the midst of their sportive bands,

And strives, with closed ears, to keep their merry

music out:—

No love his looks bespeak,

And o'er each puckered cheek

Swift tears, but not of joy I wis, i' the furrows course

about.

He calls to the tempest winds.—

But the winds, alas! have drunken

Too deep of the nectarous draught, that binds

Like a chain their strength, and sunken

In the laps of the wanton flowers they lie,

On the beds of moss, scent-breathing,

Or cradled soft, 'midst the leaves on high,

With the sunbeams o'er them wreathing;

So his voice awakes them not.

Then he calls on the rains to aid him—

But the rains have wept themselves to death,

And the hail has fled from the sun's warm breath,

And the snow lies in dew on the turf beneath,

Poor wretch! they have all betrayed him!

He calls, but they heed him not.

Then the saucy Spring, grown bolder,

Doth bid old Winter flee,

And the eye of each beholder

Lights up with ecstacy,

As the hoary King turns slowly,

From the little lilythomes crew,

And with aspect, changed and lowly,

Doth bid his realm adieu.

But ah! unpitying they!

When he turneth to go, the tyrant host

Surround him with odours he hateth most;

They pelt him with thistles and thorned flowers,

They drive him, in scorn, from their festal bowers,

And ere yet he hath died quite from view,

Or his footfall died away,

They pierce with their songs the welkin blue,

And with mocking laughter his path pursue.—

While the young leaves dance on the spray,

And a thousand flowers, that timidly,

Lay hidden deep while their foe was nigh,

Peep out at the balmy day;

And a thousand birds, that mutely flew

From branch to branch, grown bolder too,

Break forth in a roundelay!

And joy is the burden of every song,—

There is joy in the river's flowing;

In the voice of the breeze as it floats along,

In the kine's soft, pastoral lowing;

You may hear it the grasses and reeds among,

On the marge of the streamlet growing.

Joy on the new-born earth!

Joy in the halcyon sky!

Poor mourner, from thy silent hearth,

Look upward *hopefully*,

And give not to those sounds of mirth,

Wrung heart and tearful eye.

And thou, pale child, that low

On saddest couch art lying,—

Go forth, and Health shall fan thy brow,

And chase away thy sighing.

Go forth, and sport beneath the bough,

Where the gladsome bee is humming,

And thou wilt bless, as I do now,

The young Spring's joyous coming.

April 13.

T. WESTWOOD.

## THE SHAKESPEARIAN COWARDS.

## ANCIENT PISTOL.

THE principle of cowardice, being in truth no other than the great conservative law of self-protection and self-defence, would seem to be a more elementary constitution of human nature than the principle of valour, which urges men into danger, and often leads them to destruction. It is curious to observe the *convergences* of the two spirits. There is an instance of it in the very equipment of the warrior for the battle-field. If courage provides him with arms, cowardice arrays him with armour. Brave hands him the spear; poltroonery presents him with the shield.\* Thus we see the hero of the Iliad arrayed by maternal fondness in heavenly harness, impervious to mortal stroke,—a panoply, in fact, encased wherein Therisites himself might securely have withstood the rush of Hector, and all the chivalry of Troy.

Nothing can be apter to our purpose than the fine picture of "Feare," by the vivid hand of Spenser:

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,  
But feared each shadow moving to or free,  
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;  
As ashes pale of hue, and winged-heeled;  
And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,  
Against whom he always bent a brazen shield,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

This is cowardice in the abstract. The right-hand is "unarmed"; instead of the sword it wields the buckler. The presentment is taken from life, yet not to be found in life,—even in the life of the drama. Spenser impersonates Cowardice; Shakespeare draws the Coward, and accordingly we are not to seek in delineations of the latter that pure ideal of the character from which the abstract poet drew his description. The cowards of Shakespeare brandish the sword as well as bear the shield; they carry arms as well as wear armour. Their looks are fixed on danger "evermore"; but they do not fly from the gleaming of their own cuirasses, or from the clash of their own bilboes. They are true, but not perfect cowards. A man may display true cowardice in battle, yet by going into battle he demonstrates that there is a degree of poltroonery still above him. Parolles is a coward, but he is also a soldier; had he been more a coward, he would never have chosen the profession of arms. In like manner Pistol loses cast among the Knights of the White Feather, by the martial calling which he follows, and still more by the martial swagger which provokes correction and attracts the cudgel. The choice of a profession is a point of infinite moment in human life; but of all the blunders that men make in an affair so critical, the most egregious, surely, is when the coward buckles on the sword.

Peace hath their victories,  
No less renowned than war.

Here is a fair and a wide field for the exploits of the poltroon. Under what possession does he fly to arms? what has he to do with broil and battle? where is he further from his proper sphere than amongst—

Moving accidents by flood and field,  
And half-breath'd 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach?

Yet such is human folly and inconsistency! The martial coward is a common combination of heterogeneous qualities, and the dramatist loves to produce it, for the amusing absurdity of the contrast.†

The "certain lord" who came, after the affair at Holmedon, to demand his prisoners from Harry Percy, and performed that duty,—

With many holiday and lady terms,

is to be applauded for preferring civil to military employments, entertaining the sentiments which he avows upon warlike subjects.

\* The derivation of *poltron* is curious. The lexicographers deduce it from *poltroncetto*, having the thumb cut off, it having once (it is alleged) been the practice of cowards to cut off their thumbs, that they might not be compelled to serve in war. *Ménage*, however, refers it to the Italian *poltra*, a bed, as cowards are apt to feign themselves sick, preferring the bed of sleep to the bed of honour. Parolles, it appears, was too cowardly to prove a *poltron* according to the former derivation.—"Great wounds I dare not give!" Cutting off one's own thumb is a serious affair—a matter of lock-jaw; and the man must be a coward of nerve who performs such an operation.

† In addition to the Pistol and Parolles of Shakespeare, the Captain Back of Congress, the Bobadil of Jonson, and other instances of the soldier-coward, will occur to the reader.

And still he smiled and talked,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmanly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome course  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

\* \* \* He made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentleman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)  
And telling me the sovereignest thing on earth  
Was parrot-stuff for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns  
He would himself have been a soldier.

This is the language of rational, consistent cowardice. This odoriferous envoy does not appear until the action is over; and so far is he from making any hypocritical parade of martial tastes, or sympathies, that he owns with the utmost frankness his extreme horror and disgust at all the "pomp and circumstance of war." He does not even blush to confess the unwelcome tendencies of his nature before the victorious Hotspur, reeking from the foughten field. He would have been a soldier, however, "but for these vile guns"; and he retorts the charge of pusillanimity with infinite spirit upon the "villanous saltpetre,—

Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly."

The humanity of this speech is touching. This gentle lord was born under a more "charitable star" than even Monsieur Parolles himself, who, with the fear of Mars before his eyes, preposterously chooses war for his vocation, exposing himself thereby (in addition to the ordinary perils of a soldier) to be the general kickée of the French court. A frank, manly cowardice is a better protection than a coat of mail. The person of the professed poltroon is sacred; no man of honour would attack a confessed craven; it is only when the ass puts on the lion's spoils, and mimics with his stupid braying the roar of the forest king, that every generous animal takes part against him.

There is, however, a marked and well-defined distinction between Parolles and Pistol. Both are soldiers, bragadocios, and poltroons, but the former is essentially a man of peace; the latter is only meek in the presence of true courage and under awe of the cudgel. Pistol is a ruffian, which the Frenchman is not. Pistol was born under no "charitable star"; he is an example of the swash-buckler, or *fighting-coward*. Monsieur is a vapourer, not a brawler; the Ancient is both; in a word, he is a *bully*, which is a character as distinct from the *bragart* as brutality is from vanity and falsehood.

Pistol appears first in the 2nd Part of Henry IV. "Draw, Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

"Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England."

Mistress Quickly protests with energy, she will have no swaggering in her house, and Falstaff remonstrates for some time in vain, with—"Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient." Still her answer is—"I'll no swaggers."

"Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn black with any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer."

Pistol comes up, and soon shows the metal he is made of. Falstaff "charges" him with a cup of sack; Mistress Quickly declines drinking to him, because he talks of "bullets." He then accosts "Mistress Dorothy," who discharges a broadside of Eastcheap compliments in reply, calling him "scurvy companion, lack-linen mate, cut-purse rascal, basket-hilt stale juggler," and twenty more such lady-like additions and designations.

"Pistol. I will murder your ruff for this.

"Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

"Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet Captain."

Mistress Dorothy again takes fire at the title of Captain, with which Dame Quickly in her consternation decorates our Ancient. She vociferates—

"Captain! thou abominable cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called Captain? If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon thee out, for taking

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their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! He a captain! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! &c.

Bardolph tries to induce Pistol to go down; Falstaff seeks to mollify the lady. But Pistol breaks away—

"Not I: tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her."

There is more of the wordy war, and at length cold iron is drawn; but the issue is, that Pistol, at full-cock, suffers himself to be kicked down stairs. Falstaff returns to his sack and his Thais, elate with victory, exclaiming—"A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver."

The "ancient" re-appears in the play of Henry V., where, in the second act, we find him brawling with Nym. Nym cries—"I would have you *solus*"; to which Pistol rejoins fiercely:—

"*Solus*, egregious dog! oh viper vile,  
The *colus* in thy teeth and in thy throat;  
I do retort the *solus*," &c.

Nym and Pistol draw, relying upon the saving presence of Bardolph, who swears "as he is a soldier" he will run the first who strikes through the body. Pistol accepts this armed mediation with alacrity.

"An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate."

The scene shifts from England to France—from Eastcheap to "girded Harfleur." The triple alliance of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, attended by a "Boy," forms a little privateer storming party, which is not actually the first to mount the breach. Bardolph, however, roars like Stentor:—

"On, on, on, on!—to the breach, to the breach! Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot, and, for my own part, I have not a case of lives; the humour of it is too hot; that is the plain song of it."

"Pist. The plain song is most just."

"Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;  
And sword and shield  
In bloody field  
Doth win immortal fame."

The "Boy" utters the most natural exclamation conceivable. "Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."

Pist. "And I."

Here Fluellen rushes in with—"Got's blood! up to the preaches, you rascals! Will you not up to the preaches?" And the hot Welshman drives the dastardly triumvirate before him, Pistol crying out:—"Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould," &c.; The "boy" lingers behind to blazon the deserts of his companions in arms, which he does in the following soliloquy:—

"Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced, by the means whereof 'a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a' should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds," &c.

We observed that Pistol is a sample of the fighting coward, and we are borne out by Fluellen's report to Gower of the affair at the bridge. "There is an ensign there at the bridge,—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the 'old; but I did see him do gallant service." This is no sooner said than the subject of the encomium enters to solicit the Welshman's mediation on behalf of Bardolph, who has been sentenced to have "his vital thread cut with penny cord" for having stolen a *pix*.<sup>†</sup> Fluellen

<sup>†</sup> Probably the origin of Fielding's joke of "that's a non sequitur"—"you're another!"

<sup>‡</sup> "Men of mould." Dr. Samuel Johnson is so kind as to inform us that by this is meant "men of earth"—men of "mortal mould." This would never have been known to the world but for the kindness of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

<sup>§</sup> The *Pix*, or *Pax*, was a little box, usually of silver, in which the priest of the Romish Church kept the consecrated wafers. Bardolph's crime, therefore, was larceny, aggravated by sacrilege. Hall and Holinshed mention the fact of an English soldier having been hanged for stealing a *pix*.

understands "disciplines" too well to comply with the request, and this is the origin of the ill-blood between him and our "ancient." When Pistol is gone, Gower takes occasion to observe—

"Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now."

"Flu. I'll assure you, he uttered as prave 'ords at the pidge, as you shall see in a summer's day; but it is very well: what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve."

"Gow. Why 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return to London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names, &c. &c. And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought of," &c.

The poet does not leave us in ignorance of the motives that allure these bravos of Eastcheap to scenes so uncongenial to their natures as battle-fields. In a previous dialogue with Nym, at the Boar's Head, Pistol says—

"I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits shall accrue."

And, again, at the close of the scene, where Mistress Quickly gives her exquisite narrative of the death-bed of Falstaff, the departed knight's "Ancient" cries to his worthy mates—

"Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!"

What kind of blood Pistol means is evident from his parody with the Frenchman, over whom he predominates on the field of Agincourt.

"Fr. Sold. O, prenez misericorde! Ayez pitie de moy."

"Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys."

"Fr. Sold. Oh, pardonnez moy!"

"Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a *ten* of moys?"

It is evident that booty alone stimulated Falstaff's swaggering comrades to the wars, and this is another trait in the character of Pistol, which distinguishes him broadly from Parolles, who, though a fool and a liar, is neither thief nor vagabond. How Pistol came to vanquish the French soldier is left to our imagination; but that there was little valour displayed in the conquest we may gather from the remarks of the "Boy," who, when his master has marched off with his prize, says—"I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true,—the empty vessel maketh the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil," &c.

Before the battle, we have—

"A little touch of Pistol in the night,"

for the "royal captain walking from tent to tent" comes up to our "Ancient," amongst others, in his nocturnal rounds.

"Pist. Qui va là? K. Hen. A friend."

"Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,

Or art thou base, common, and popular?"

"K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company."

"Pist. What's thy name? K. Hen. Harry Le Roy."

"Pist. A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?"

"K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman. Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen? K. Hen. Yes."

"Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate, upon St. Davy's day."

The leek is to Pistol what the drum proved to Parolles. St. Davy's day comes and goes, without the redemption of the pledge to "knock his leek" about Fluellen's pate. The swaggerer, however, keeps his word so far as to fling and gibe at the leek in the Welsh captain's bonnet; tendering him bread and salt to eat with it, but taking care to offer this vulgar insolence in a place (probably when Fluellen was on duty) where the rules of discipline, or the presence of superior officers, enabled him to do so with impunity. This we learn from the Welshman himself, in the first scene of the 5th Act.

during the war to which this play refers. The Commentators, as their wont is, have a deal of controversy on the question *Pax* or *Pix*. The box had the two names given to it indifferently.

"Gow. Why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past."

"Flu. There is occasions and causes, why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, prying knave, Pistol, which you, and yourself, and all the 'old, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and brings me bread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so sold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires."

Our "roaring devil" of an Ancient is no sooner talked of than he makes his appearance, in evil hour for his pate. The catastrophe is at hand.

"Gow. Why here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

"Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol, you scurvy knave, Got pless you!"

"Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek."

"Flu. I pesech you heartily, scurvy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it."

"Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats."

"Flu. There is one goat for you [strikes him].

Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?"

"Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die."

"Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it: [striking him again]. You called me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek."

"Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him."

"Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will pent his pate four days. Pite, I pray you."

"Pist. Must I bite?"

"Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities."

"Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear—"

"Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by."

"Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat."

The remorseless Welshman crowns the indignity by compelling the beaten bully to take a grout by way of compensation for his "proken coxcomb." Pistol pockets all affronts, and only exclaims—

"All hell shall stir for this,"

whereupon Gower gives him a lecture, containing one of those universal moral lessons so profusely scattered through the works of Shakespeare.

"Go, go! you are a counterfeit, cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words," &c. [Exit.]

Then come the "last words" of ancient Pistol; "qualis ab incepto."

"Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead 'f the spital,

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Did I wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get into these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars."

As M'Kenzie ran his ingenious parallel between Falstaff and Richard the Third, may we not liken the fall of Pistol to the fall of Macbeth? Macbeth's queen died like Nell, most inopportunistly for her husband's fortunes.

"She should have died hereafter,"

is a touch of pathos that closely resembles—

"News have I that my Nell is dead 'f the spital,

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off."

## NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

We have merely to remind the reader, that the Exhibitions of this Society are, among their contemporaries, those least calculated to give trouble to such easy-going critics as are pleased to escape from the labour of searching for new forms of praise or censure; on the other hand, they are perplexing to all who conceive no adage so fatal to the interests of art, as "Let well alone," which warns the mercantile trader against venturing more daring essays than those which have yielded him a fair result of profit. With the alteration of a few words, and the introduction of a few lines, our notice of the display of last year might be applied to this year's Exhibition. Mr. Lewis is absent: but there are several drawings of promise by Mr. Oakley, a recent acquisition to the Society, for which reason we will give them a precedence hardly deserved. Nos. 8, 12, 46, &c. are studies of peasants and gipsies. The character of the latter has been so happily caught, that the artist seems to have been by Nature expressly destined to illustrate Mr. Borrow's books. The slouching, sinister-looking, black-haired men, the wicked-eyed, gaudily dressed, untidy women, basking outside their tents, or rehearsing some of their lawless practices, are hit off with a simple truth which recommends Mr. Oakley to our favour. He has also match-girls, milk-girls, and other rural figures, in which a like fidelity and care are discernible. Yet we have fears for Mr. Oakley, for his contributions convey the impression that he has already arrived at a mannerism; the same tones of colour, the same touches of pencil, the same treatment of drapery pervade all his drawings to such a degree, that we could be content to exchange something of finish for a little variety. He has, too, tendencies towards clay colour and lilac, which he very probably mistakes for an aspiration after the quiet tones of Nature: this we mention, that a clever artist may not become colour-sick for lack of our warning. A general want of transparency, too, may be objected to his drawings. Last week, we expressed a wish that Messrs. Haghe and Cattermole would reciprocate good gifts, "to make the balance true;" we this week should be glad to see Mr. Oakley lending and borrowing from Mr. Topham: and we are none the less glad to suggest such an interchange of serviceable courtesies between the two Societies, because we omitted to mention Mr. Topham as having, by pictures of Wanderers, Wayfarers, &c., done a good part in attracting hope to the *New Water Colour Society*. With Mr. Oakley Mr. Hunt is naturally mentioned, and we may add, Mr. Hunt in his fullest force. Richer and more mellow his colouring could hardly become: nor could finish be carried further, without bringing on that disagreeable spottiness, of which Mr. Hills now so lamentably furnishes yearly examples—or worse, a japan-like smoothness, which is scarcely endurable in enamel. This year, by some studies of troopers, Mr. Hunt seems inclined to poach upon the *manors* of Messrs. Cattermole and Tayler, while his fruit and flowers have downy bloom and dewy brightness enough to make Mr. Bartholomew and Mrs. Harrison look about them. He is, however, most happily at home among farmers' boys, and, perhaps, has never given a more exquisite specimen of his peculiar talent, than in the drawing called *Devotion* (289), which is perfect, both in colour and expression.

But this accidental encounter with homely figures must no longer delay us from the one or two works of higher pretension. Foremost among these, and first in the catalogue, is Mr. J. W. Wright's *Family of Primitive Christians reading the Bible* (28). There is much to praise in the general arrangement of this picture. The apparent absence of artifice may result from considerations more artistic than those which, for the most part, influence our painters. A patriarch, a younger man who reads from the holy book, and a woman with an infant in her arms, compose the group: but the repose of the composition is not borne out by such a placid and reverential expression as ought to dwell upon the countenances of those who are listening to the words of life. It is difficult, in the midst of hurrying lives like ours, even to conceive the depth and intensity which characterized the passive, as well as the active, faith of the earlier believers: how much harder, then, must it be,—if, in some moment of meditation, such an idea present itself,—to give it per-

manence? The command over details requisite for rendering thoughts so high pitched has to be created for most of our artists; it is therefore no surprise to us, that Mr. Wright has failed in reaching the spiritual height of his subject, while it is honourable in him to have attempted it: especially as he has full power over the prettinesses of his art, as his cabinet figure *Expectation* (334) most gracefully testifies. His colouring, too, is, on the whole, good; we should, perhaps, have remonstrated against his carnations as a trifle gaudy, did we not recollect certain figure-pieces by Mr. Richter, by the side of whose cheeks and lips Mr. Bartholomew's brightest blush-roses would look shabby and faded.

The place of honour in the room, where we expected to find something of signal merit by Lewis or Cattermole, is, this year, filled by the huge *Narcissus and Echo* (153) of Mr. Cristall. Viewed at arm's length, it might pass for an ill-wrought piece of old Gobelin, or one of those careful productions, over which the maidens of Germany spend so much time and wool, while delicate questions of literature, and art, and sentiment are discussed! Nor can such an appropriation of the spot to which so many agreeable associations belong, be forgiven for the sake of the compensations by Mr. Cattermole, which hang on the right and left of this "forcible feeble" piece of mythology. These are the *Castle Chapel* (130), and *Hospitality to the Poor* (175). We know not what has befallen this clever designer; but of late he seems to be alike disdainful of invention and finish; to repeat heads, attitudes and costumes, with a recklessness almost audacious—and when he has dashed these down, to refuse them the commonplace advantage of completion. Who does not know his burly servitor, with the feather stuck skewer-wise in his flat cap—and the dish groaning under its load, so appropriately relieved against the orbicular form of its bearer? (a figure, whose paternity belongs to Paolo Veronese). Here he is, once again. Who knows not his white-haired knight, and the delicate, dutiful, creature at his side?—a pair never to be seen by us without their recalling those beautiful lines from Miss Barrett's "Margaret."

I have a Father old  
A lord of ancient halls,  
An hundred friends are in the court  
Yet only he calls.  
An hundred knights are there  
Yet read I by his knee,  
And when forth they go to the tourney show,  
I rise not up to see.  
'Tis a weary book to read,  
My tryst's at set of sun,  
Yet, dear and loving 'neath the stars  
Is his blessing when I've done!

That old noble and that fair maiden are also here. We need go no further in this enumeration of familiar friends—hardly one of whom is wanting. The shade tints, however, of these drawings are less inky than usual with Mr. Cattermole; and the designs display his admirable freedom of hand, and fine chivalresque spirit: his figures, however lowly, are never vulgar,—however courtly, never affected.

One of the best compositions, as well as one of the best finished drawings in the room is Mrs. Seyffarth's *Wedding* (216). This is not a love-match, in which a Damon in velvet leads out a Cynthia in satin,—both young and smiling, such as we should have expected from Mrs. Seyffarth's known preferences for what is dainty and delicate. It is another version of the old tale of beauty sold to fashionable Age—of the broken heart covered by the silken gown:—and very sweetly it is told, with some touches of nature and feeling, which entitle our artist to a high place among designers of domestic subjects. The bargain, we opine, has been made by the mother; for she walks behind the pair, her full face swelling with quiet complacency, and not a wrinkle of misgiving on her brow because her son-in-law is old and withered and lean,—a mummy in a splendid cerise cloth, whose airs and graces have a touch of the foppery of Hogarth's old rakes. The father is less unscrupulously satisfied. He is struggling with deep grief or misgivings, that will arise; and while he is unconsciously patting the head of the little boy, who is wondering at the satin of the bride's garment, he is watching his daughter and questioning himself sternly, with an "Ought this to be?" which amounts to the first stirrings of regret and remorse. The bride herself is very sweet and lovely, according to Mrs. Seyffarth's

favourite type of female beauty, and the Romeo, to whom she looks an agonized farewell, as he leans distractedly against the window, is "a proper youth"—but somehow or other, there is none of the *dramatis persona* of this constantly acted drama, so difficult to invest with manly interest as the rejected lover. The best figure, however, is that of the little girl, whose feminine love of finery is not so strong as the feminine sympathies which make her bend a tearful look on her sister to inquire what that strange trouble on her countenance may mean. Altogether, we repeat, that this is a sweet drawing: if the epithet be thought a trifle lackadaisical, it is none the less appropriate—without implying any scandal against Mrs. Seyffarth's recognized talent.

We cannot admire Mr. Chisholm's *New Year's Eve* (234), a mannered and feeble illustration of Burns. Mr. Richter's *Abou Hassan and Nourhatali Aoudat* (325) is in his very worst manner, which we have already characterized: a manufacturer of classical tea-trays would reject its colours as too gaudy, and its beauty as partaking too largely of the wondrous of a hair-dresser's window. Mr. Tayler has ornamented the three central screens with some cabinet drawings, which are much to our liking. In the scene from the *Black Dwarf* (246) he has selected the meeting between Mabel, Vere, and Elshender, at the door of the latter's hut. The misanthropic solitary is hideous: painters should agree to let him and the "Veiled Prophet" alone: but the heroine's figure is artless and elegant, and the riding girls in the distance have all the grace of the old-fashioned *musique à la chasse*, with which the Kaulbachs and Steibelts delighted to vary their more formal compositions. The *Old Admiral and his Daughter* (261) belong, if we mistake not, to Mr. Marsh's powerful tale:—at all events, its opening scene is faithfully illustrated in the arch and airy beauty given to the girl, and the bluff old English manliness of her father, on whose arm she leans. A third, and perhaps the cleverest of the three drawings, is *Sophia Western playing the Squire to sleep* (270). In all, Mr. Tayler seems to us improved in the management and laying-on of his colours,—to have cured his eye of its fancy for stripes, spots, and patches, in place of lights and shades, as well as to have enlarged his range. We wish we could say as much for the very small and insignificant contributions of the last of the figure-painters we shall here mention—Mr. Stone. He seems to have fallen back into the boudoir prettiness from which we hoped he was emerging.

If there has been a difficulty in finding matter to descant upon in the more important section of the Exhibition, we shall have some trouble in reaching the "four lines more" of the epitaph, now that we come among the landscape-painters. Suffice it then to say, that Copley Fielding is here, in unabated force:—it would be hard if he should run some danger of suffering with the public from the prodigal fertility of his talent, since the meanest scrap of coloured paper he here exhibits would have set the cognoscenti raving in the days of Paul Sandby, or Bentley! Mr. Harding is a more sparing exhibitor; as unapproachable as ever in the lightness of his touch and the transparency of his air-tints, but as surely sworn to autumnal hues—to the olive and orange in foliage—as Mr. Varley is given up to an ideal golden brown, which is of no season, and the reiteration of which in such large quantities, as on the present occasion, makes the eye, at least, turn away in weariness from his drawings, picturesque and poetical though they be. We specify Mr. Bentley's *Scene near Nantorpe* (227), because we do not remember to have met him in a meadow before. Mr. Holland has a clever landscape or two; his *Lisbon* (143) being very charming and southern, though the intense azure of the water will be a stumbling-block to those who fear to encounter, on paper, the effects of Nature they most admire on land and sea. Mr. Callow's *Naples from the Sea* (9) is his best drawing,—a dream of Summer and Morning, which brings some of Shelley's airiest and most musical dithyrambs to the recollection. Of Messrs. Prout, Evans, Cox, Nesfield, and De Wint,—unless we were to draw upon the well-used vocabulary of Mr. George Robins—we cannot speak *in extenso*: they have all laboured well, and their labours, we are happy to see, have been recognized by liberal purchasers. Mr. Frapp's is a newer

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name, so he must be told that his *Hampstead Heath, Spring* (29), and his *Lake at Tortworth* (53), are clever enough to make us anticipate far cleverer drawings from him in Exhibitions to come. With this anticipation we must make our exit.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The drawing for prizes, or the appropriation of the sums to be expended by members of the Art-Union of London in the purchase of works of art, took place on Tuesday at Drury Lane Theatre, which was lighted up for the occasion, and crowded to the back rows of the upper boxes. The subscription exceeds even the large amount reported, and closed at about 12,900 guineas. This (to say nothing of the Edinburgh, the Dublin, and numberless provincial subscriptions) is a fearful sum to be expended in one season in the purchase of cabinet pictures. The highest prize was 400*l.* (gained by Mr. Brooks, of Whitechurch, Salop); the next 300*l.* (A. Cross, Paradise Row); then two of 200*l.* (H. Watson, St. Ann's Lane, and Mr. R. Steib, Hackney); three of 150*l.* (R. Quincy, Mincing Lane, M. J. Wilcox, Plumtree Street, H. Cremer, Chelsea); six of 100*l.* (R. S. Troughton, W. H. Cracknell, H. Kilnar, T. Musciet, R. Cousins, J. Sutherland). All other prizes were under 100*l.*—thus, six of 80*l.*; eight of 70*l.*; ten of 60*l.*; fourteen of 50*l.*; twenty of 40*l.*; twenty-six of 30*l.*; thirty of 25*l.*; forty-four of 20*l.*; sixty of 10*l.*! There is not much encouragement here for artists to devote themselves to "high art": a great deal too much for the encouragement of Academy pupils, one half of whom, instead of being thus nursed through a rickety experience into a starving old age, had far better at once turn house-painters or sign-painters. Sixty prizes of 10*l.* each! Two hundred and eighteen prizes under 100*l.*! Why, with this hot-bed patronage of mediocrity, we shall breed up painters until the greatest cannot exchange brains for bread—till they must feed on one another, or starve. A further sum of 400*l.* was appropriated for the purchase of bronzes and plaster-casts, and 2,333*l.* reserved for engravings and expenses.

We advert with far more satisfaction and hope to the proceedings of the Royal Commission. It will be seen, from an advertisement in this day's paper, that the Commissioners have announced their intention to give "Three premiums of 300*l.* each, three premiums of 200*l.* each, and five premiums of 100*l.* each, to the artists who shall furnish cartoons which shall respectively be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums by judges to be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works. The drawings are to be executed in chalk, or in charcoal, or some similar material, but without colours. The size of the drawings is to be not less than ten nor more than fifteen feet in their longest dimension; the figures are to be not less than the size of life. Each artist is at liberty to select his subject from British History, or from the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton."—This, indeed, is encouragement of the right character.

The following announcement also may serve as a hint to some of our wealthy city companies. A grand gallery, upwards of 150 feet in length, is being constructed in the new buildings of the Hôtel de Ville, to be filled with paintings illustrative of the various important events of the history of the city of Paris. A more just appreciation of Art is indeed, we hope and believe, spreading generally and everywhere among the people. Thus, subscriptions for finishing the celebrated Cathedral of Cologne have been opened in all the principal towns in Germany. The sum raised in Berlin alone amounts to 11,355 thalers (about 1,650*l.*), and what is curious is, that more than a fourth part has been subscribed by Jews.

The sale at Strawberry Hill has commenced, but is at present confined to the Books, and the interest therefore to the booksellers. In the meantime, some curious misals and manuscripts have been disposed of by Mr. Fletcher. Amongst them a MS. on white vellum, of the Hebrew Pentateuch, brought 24*l.*; an Oriental MS., the Adventures of Krishna, 26*l.*; another, 24*l.*; a Persian MS., the Works of Nizami, with thirty-seven illuminations, 43*l.*; the Office de la Vierge Marie, a MS. on vellum, with nine paintings, 26*l.*; Horre Antiquæ, a MS., with thirty-two drawings in Cameo, 32 guineas; Horre Beate Vir.

ginis, a MS. of the fifteenth century 45*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; but the crowning jewel of the collection was the Missale Romanum, a MS., on vellum, of the fifteenth century, containing fourteen large paintings, forty-five smaller, and upwards of sixty borders, besides many hundred capital letters, which brought 225*l.*

Of five days allotted to the sale of Sir David Wilkie's productions, three are past at this present writing; but as yet, not a single specimen has met our eyes which tempts us to modify the circumspect oracle we uttered last week—that the "Sketches do no discredit" to their author. Amongst near three hundred and eighty *Pen and Ink Drawings, Chalk Drawings, Sepia Drawings, Tinted Drawings, Studies, &c.*, we could find scarcely half-a-dozen which merited a higher eulogium than the above, scarcely one which equalled our expectations. Almost all these works are what we should venture to designate *slight*; many so much so as to have little value beyond that of *souvenirs*. We looked for some in his earlier, more earnest style, when his mind taxed itself to the utmost, and over-taxed the hand that laboriously sought to follow it; some in his more perfect manner, when labour had attained its end—ease—and enabled his mind to put itself down upon wood or canvas with comparative quickness and exactness. But no such sketches were here. A few very early sketches, 'The Cardplayers' (No. 17), 'An Interior' (No. 18), 'Interior of an Alehouse' (No. 19), had great interest, as exhibiting the painter's genius in search of a style, now close upon this Dutch Master, now upon that, yet still with a character peculiar to itself, which promised future predominance over mere imitation. The last 'Interior' abovesaid is, we apprehend, one of Wilkie's primitive works, being a raw and timid attempt in *Ostade's* style of humour, and composition, and design: the two other sketches are inspired by *Teniers*, whose manner our artist permanently adopted, and was the basis of all his works that will longest enjoy renown. Comparing those three with 'The Clubbists' (No. 20), and 'The Rent Day' (No. 21), we perceive how imitation put off its shackles, one after another, and at length retained marks of them palpable to experienced eyes alone. Our chief disappointment, however, originated from the absence of beauties poetic, rather than artistic, of works not meant for a class, but for all mankind. These Sketches will surprise most visitors, by their number, and variety, and general merit; they surprise us yet more by their want of something better. 'Blind-man's Buff' (No. 63), may be reckoned among the prettiest; small, careful, well drawn, and complete; brought 30 guineas. 'The Arrival of a Rich Relation' (No. 66), one of those domestic satires in which Wilkie excelled; a consequential Dowager received by a decrepit dust-licker, her host, while acyophants, young and old, form the circle of adulation around her; 21 guineas. Another of this subject (No. 192), also very good; 26 guineas. 'John Knox administering the Sacrament' (No. 191); heads for the picture we mentioned last week, and shall mention again; 38 guineas. Wilkie's portraits were generally failures, and seldom even glorious as such; they were most inglorious, too, when their subjects were most illustrious. His studies for the 'Duke of Wellington' are uncharacteristic, both of the Duke and of himself; feeble, sentimental, and sickly in expression: yet one of them (No. 208) brought 13 guineas, though it individualizes the Great Captain as little as Cassius's caricature does Caesar.—'Give me some drink, Titinius!' The representations of 'George IV. at Holyrood-House' are better, perhaps because the subject was essentially not illustrious: so strong was Wilkie's bias to satire, that he forgets the Scotchman and the protégé, while depicting the adulation of his countrymen, and the pompous frivolity of his royal patron: a most intense courtier (No. 67), whose attitude is a very apparatus prepared to show off deliberate forms and ceremonies, bows upon the gracious hand with a solicitude of self-abasement, which proves how much he regrets it is not the foot that tested his complaisance, instead of the worthier member. 'Fox on the Hustings,' again, (No. 79), is timid and weak; 12*l.* 'Columbus,' (No. 232), ditto; a man for a gondola rather than a ship of discovery; 11 guineas. These two are ideal portraits; but the sketches, like the picture, of 'Sir David Baird,' make him look like a singer who

courts the applause of a theatre for his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," not a hero, breathing the calm air of conquest, who expects his applause from posterity. 'Mary Queen of Scots and her Son,' (two sketches, Nos. 225 and 226,) we, however, thought very elegant; 7*l.* and 5*l.* guineas. We have not space this week to enumerate more. Draughtsmanship, it must be remembered, was not Wilkie's forte; he succeeded best in rural drama and character, next to that in colour, and then in the paint-working itself. Sketches afford little scope for these qualities, and furnish, therefore, no criterion of the artist's true excellence; nor should we estimate his genius by them.

The First Annual Meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on Tuesday last, Mr. J. P. Collier in the chair. From the Report of the Council, it appears, that the Society is going on prosperously; that the number of subscribers is about 600; that seven volumes have been printed and delivered; others are in the press, and many under consideration of the Council. Thanks were voted to the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton, for their liberality in lending and permitting the publication of various valuable works; Earl Howe was added to the list of Vice Presidents; and Mr. B. Field, Mr. H. Hallam, Mr. J. Oxenford, Mr. T. Pettigrew, and Mr. J. R. Planché, were elected members of the Council, in the room of the five who annually retire.

Biblical Literature has suffered a loss by the death of Mr. Wemyss, whose translation of the Book of Job was reviewed in our 600th number. He was, we believe, the son of a merchant in Edinburgh, and brought up to the profession of the law; but he subsequently devoted himself to the study of the Bible in the original languages, and to collecting from varied sources illustrations and elucidations of the sacred narrative. His first publication—'Biblical Gleanings'—was a collection of the passages generally recognized as mis-translations in the authorised version; and the corrections which he proposed were cautious and judicious, and made in that spirit of respect for our standard version which well becomes every Biblical critic. His next work was 'A Key to the Symbolical Language of Scripture,' in which he manifested an extensive knowledge, not only of the Hebrew language, but of the Hebrew mind. He had studied the literature, not merely to master forms of expression, but also habits of thought; and his success enabled him to elucidate many difficult and controverted passages in the Jewish poets and prophets. This power of placing himself, as it were, within the author, and viewing the subjects of comment from the same point of view in which they were most probably presented to the original writer, is strikingly manifested in the 'Translation of the Book of Job,' and the notes and illustrations which accompany it. It is understood that Mr. Wemyss had nearly prepared for the press 'Illustrations of the Lives and Times of the Prophets Daniel and Zechariah.' Every Biblical student is aware of the numerous historical, chronological, and ethnical difficulties connected with the intellectual and social condition of the Jews, from the commencement of the Babylonish Captivity, to the conquest of Persia by Alexander; and those who have waded through the numerous attempts to solve these difficulties, must have often wished for the assistance of such a guide as Mr. Wemyss: and it is to be hoped that his exertions to clear up the most obscure, and one of the most interesting periods in Jewish history, will not have been bestowed in vain.

At a public meeting, held on Monday last, Lord Brougham in the chair, it was resolved, as the best means of testifying the public gratitude to the late Dr. Birkbeck for his services in promoting the education of the people, to found a Professorship of Machinery and Manufactures in the London University College, to teach the elements of machinery, and show the application of chemistry and other branches of natural philosophy, and to be called the "Birkbeck Professorship."

From Rome we learn, that Cardinal Angelo Mai is about to publish a new collection of unpublished works by Greek, Latin, and Italian authors. This collection, which, on the testimony of the Cardinal's learned friends, is not inferior in interest to those which he has already published, will consist of eleven volumes; six of which are already printed, and the remaining five at press. Also that an artist in that city,

named Roudoin, has just applied to lithography the photographic process of M. Daguerre. He has succeeded, we are told, not only in fixing on the stone the photographic impress, but also in obtaining proofs from it in the usual way. The first experiments were made on a star, the Nebula of Orion, the image of which was received in a telescope and transferred to the stone. Proofs have been sent to M. Arago, who considers them satisfactory.

Our private letters from Berlin of the 11th, mention that Dr. Peter Riess, a Jew, a man of distinguished science, has been admitted a member of the Berlin Academy. "This," says our Correspondent, "is the first Jew on whom the honour has been conferred. Frederick the Great refused to ratify the admission, even of M. Mendelssohn, who was elected unanimously. Humboldt, in his letter of congratulation to the Doctor, expresses his great satisfaction at this first step towards a removal of those wrongs and that injustice under which the co-religionists of the Doctor have suffered for so many centuries." The French papers also, on the authority of Berlin letters of the 14th, state that the chair of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics in the Academy has been conferred by a large majority on M. Moise-Elie Barscheimer, a member of the Jewish persuasion, and author of several mathematical works. Our Correspondent further mentions that "two works on Prussia, lately published, absorb the interest of the Berlin reading public: 'Preussen, seine Verfassung, seine Verwaltung, sein Verhältniss zu Deutschland,' (Prussia, its constitution, its administration, its relation to Germany,) by Von Bulow Cumeraw—and 'De la Prusse, et de sa Domination sous les rapports politiques et religieux, spécialement dans les nouvelles provinces, par un Inconnu,' published at Paris. The former is the first work of any consequence, which has appeared under the more lenient censorship, established in conformity with the Edict of the 24th December, 1841, (See *Athen.* ante, p. 132) and, though abounding in errors, has done a great deal of good, because the public officers, whose departments and administrations are censured, have been forced to reply, and many abuses have thus been exposed. The work has called forth a number of semi-official statements by which the public is enabled to get a clearer insight into the state of finances, &c. than has hitherto been possible. The first edition of 2,000 copies was sold off in less than a month, and the second of 3,000 will, it is said, be soon exhausted. 'De la Prusse,' &c. is a libel on the King, the Princes, and the Ministers of the country, written, however, in very elegant language, and interspersed with numerous scandalous anecdotes, which make the work extremely piquant. It was not only prohibited, but all the copies which could be found were confiscated—a measure which, of course, whets the appetite of the public. The only effect of such prohibitions is, that whoever desires to have the book, has to send for it to Leipzig, where hundreds of copies may be had; and I have myself seen a dozen procured thence by private individuals."—The complete edition of the works of Frederick the Great, preparing at the cost of government, is to be enriched by a numerous collection of letters, not only unpublished, but hitherto carefully suppressed, and which are said to contain striking revelations respecting the relations existing between the various governments of the time. These are the letters written to the Monarch by his favourite correspondent, the Landgravine Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt, to whose memory he has erected a monument in the garden of the grand-ducal residence at Darmstadt; and inscribed it with the record that she was "a woman in sex, but in wit a man." The letters of Frederick to the Landgravine are in the Court-Archives of Darmstadt, enclosed in a box, sealed with the seal of the Princess—and which, by a clause in her will, is forbidden to be ever opened. Surely, if the Princess were in earnest, in putting this eternal seal upon the correspondence, she would have effected her object more certainly by its destruction; and her thus leaving the letters to the chances of the future, seems to suggest that she may have contemplated an eventual disregard of her testamentary *velo* on some possible contingency. However this may be, the commission charged with the publication of the works of Frederick has vainly solicited the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt for the communication of these

letters—the Sanctity of the literary tomb remains, as yet, uninvaded. But the suppression of the one portion of the correspondence will only stimulate the public curiosity for the rest; and the living Landgravine has, probably, furnished, under her own hand, a sufficient clue to much of what the dying Landgravine sought to conceal.—The letter from Berlin of the 14th, before referred to, states that the committee charged by the government with publishing this edition of the works of Frederick II. has just resigned *en masse*, because the Director of the Archives of the Kingdom has refused to communicate certain documents relating to the great Monarch.

A correspondent of the *Königsburg Gazette* states, in a letter from Poland, that the statue of Joseph Poniatowski, the model of which had been made by Thorwaldsen previous to the Polish revolution, was lately cast in bronze, with the intent of its being erected at Warsaw. A decree, however, was sent from St. Petersburg forbidding this, and ordering it to be sent to Russia. Against this disposal of the statue, Countess Tyskiew, the sister of the Prince, who had contributed 2,000 ducats, protested, in behalf of herself and the other subscribers, claiming the work as their private property. To this claim no answer was given; but the Russian Cabinet transmitted an order that the statue should be melted down, and the model by Thorwaldsen, which had long formed one of the greatest ornaments of the collection of plaster-casts at Warsaw, be broken up and destroyed.—A letter from Nuremberg mentions, that the King of Bavaria has ordered that some distinguishing mark shall be put upon the house which was occupied by Palm, the bookseller, who was shot, by order of Napoleon.—From Cassel, it is stated, that Meigendorff's colossal statue of Hermann (Arminius), who freed Germany from the yoke of the Romans, is modelled, and about to be immediately cast in bronze. The model of the statue has been presented to Germany by the artist; and the cost of its execution in bronze, and erection, is provided for by a national subscription, collected throughout all the States of the Germanic Confederation. The height of the monument, as we have before mentioned, from the feet of the figure to the crest of the helmet, will be forty-two feet, with the further height of ninety feet for the base. This, with the eminence on which it is to stand, will give an elevation of 222 feet above the plain which is the scene of the event, to whose commemoration the gigantic monument is dedicated.

In France, a royal ordinance has been issued, authorizing the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, the *Académie des Sciences Physiques*, and the *Société Central d'Agriculture*, to accept the legacy of 10,000 fr. bequeathed to them by the late Baron de Morogues, with a direction that it shall be invested in the 5 per cents, the dividends to be applied every fifth year in a prize to be awarded alternately by the Academies and the Société, according to the declared intentions of the testator.—M. Ersted, of Copenhagen, has been elected a foreign associate of the *Académie des Sciences* in the room of M. de Candolle, M. Francœur a member in the section of Statistics, and M. D'Omalius d'Halloy as corresponding member for the section of Geology.—The reception of M. de Tocqueville into the Academy took place on the 21st. There was a full attendance of members, amongst whom were Chateaubriand, Mignet, Thiers, Ampère, De Rémusat, Victor Hugo, Cousin, De Beaumont, Villemain, De Broglie, De Barante, &c., and a brilliant audience, including the King and Queen of the Belgians. M. de Tocqueville having, according to usage, made a speech in honour of his predecessor, the Count de Cessac, was replied to by Count Molé. The Noble Peer was frequently and loudly applauded, particularly at that part of his speech in which he congratulated M. de Tocqueville on the justice which had been rendered by the public to his literary acquirements.—M. Coste, architect, and M. Flamin, artist, whose return from exploring and sketching the ruins of Persepolis we lately announced, have been presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their GALLERY, FILL MALL EAST, IS NOW OPEN. Open each Day from Nine till Dusk. Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Sec.

#### Closing of the present Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FILL MALL.  
The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening; and will be closed on Saturday, May 10th. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.  
N.B.—The Gallery will be re-opened the end of the month, with the works of the late Sir David Wilkie, R.A.; and a selection by Ancient Masters.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Two Pictures, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOURG; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERT, R.A. in 1830. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

WORKING and such OTHER MODELS as are useful for the purpose of illustrating PRACTICAL SCIENCE and approved WORKS OF ART, may now be forwarded to the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, where TWO LARGE ADDITIONAL ROOMS, extending to Cavendish Square, are nearly ready to receive them. They will be brought into very extensive public notice, for Sale, or otherwise, for the expense of the Depositors, who have admission to the Institution—Open, Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evenings—Admission, 1s.

#### THE THAMES TUNNEL.

is OPEN daily, (Sundays excepted), from Nine in the Morning until Dark, and lighted with Gas. The present Entrance for Visitors is the Surrey side of the River, close to Rotherhithe Church. The Tunnel is now completed, and is 1,300 feet in length. Admission, 1s. each.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
Company's Office,  
2, Walbrook Buildings, City,  
April, 1842. J. CHARLIER,  
Clerk of the Company.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 10.—Lieut.-Col. Sykes, V.P., in the chair.  
T. G. Taylor, Esq., was elected into the Society.

The following papers were read:—  
1. 'Magnetic-term Observations of the Declination, Inclination, and total Intensity, made at the Magnetic observatory at Prague,' by C. Kreil.—2. 'On the Chemical Analysis of the contents of the Thoracic Duct in the Human Subject,' by G. O. Rees, M.D.

Feb. 17 and 24.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart. in the chair.

The Meteorological Observations, taken in conformity with the Report drawn up by the Committee of Physics, including Meteorology, for the guidance of the Antarctic Expedition, as also for the various fixed Magnetic Observatories, were communicated by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Master-General of the Ordnance.

A paper 'On the Structure and Use of the Malpighian bodies of the Kidney, with Observations on the Circulation through that Gland,' by W. Bowman, Esq., begun at the last meeting, was concluded.

March 3.—F. Bailey, Esq., in the chair.  
Major-General W. Morison, C.B., and Capt. O. Stanley, R.N., were elected into the Society.

A paper was read 'On the Diurnal Temperature of the Earth's Surface, and the discussion of a simple Formula for ascertaining the same,' by S. A. Dmeh, Esq. The author observes, in his introductory remarks, that during a period of twenty-four hours, the quantity of calorific rays emitted from the sun, and falling on the exposed atmosphere of the earth, is proportional to one day's area as swept by the radius vector divided by the square of that radius; or is proportional to the true angular motion for that day; which is equivalent to substituting the declinations resulting from the true longitudes for those deduced from the mean ones at mean noons. On the arrival of the rays at the superior limit of our atmosphere, they undergo refraction, absorption, and difficulty of conduction; and when arrived at the surface of the earth, they suffer radiation and reflection; the absorption alone, at a vertical distance, amounting to upwards of one-fourth. The maximum sensible heat, he proceeds to observe, appears to follow the sun in its diurnal revolution, being similar, in this respect, to the point of maximum tidal height of the ocean; hence he applies the term *thermal establishment* to the retardation of the effects caused by atmospheric conduction and localities, in the same manner that the term *tidal establishment* has been employed to denote the local constant by which the astronomical effects on the tides are delayed. The tables annexed to the paper assume that the degree of the thermometer is proportional to the cosine of the sun's meridian altitude, commencing with that on the day of observation, and ending with the altitude thirty days previously. After explaining the formation of these tables, and detailing the conclusions derivable from them, the author gives a sketch of the perturbing causes, such as oceanic evaporation,



mountain ranges, and other local influences; he then enters into a discussion of the mathematical expression for the daily heat; and he concludes with some observations on the theories of temperature and isothermal lines, as affected by the electrical and magnetical conditions of the earth, dependent on its rotation on its axis.

March 10.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., in the chair. C. W. Johnson, Esq., and J. Toynbee, Esq., were elected into the Society.

The following papers were read:—

1. 'Meteorological Observations, taken in conformity with the Report drawn up by the Committee of Physics, including Meteorology, for the guidance of the Antarctic Expedition, as also for the fixed Magnetic Observatories, at the Magnetic Observatory, Ross-Bank, Van Diemen's Land, for July and August 1841.—2. 'Meteorological Register kept at Port Arthur, Van Diemen's Land, during the Year 1839,' by Deputy Assistant Commissary-General Lempriere.—3. A paper was in part read, entitled 'Contributions to the Chemical History of the Compounds of Palladium and Platinum,' by Robert Kane, M.D.

March 17.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., in the chair. 'Contributions to the Chemical History of the Compounds of Palladium and Platinum,' by R. Kane, M.D. The author states it to be his object, in this and in some subsequent papers, to examine specially the composition and properties of the compounds of palladium, platinum, and gold; and to ascertain how far they agree, and in what they differ, as to the laws of combination to which these compounds are subjected. He commences with the investigation of the compounds of palladium, employing for that purpose a portion of that metal with which he was furnished by the Royal Society out of the quantity bequeathed by the late Dr. Wollaston. He describes the mode of obtaining the protoxide of palladium, and enters into analysis of the hydrated oxide, the black suboxide, and the true basic carbonate of that metal; detailing their properties, and the formulae which express their mode of composition. The chlorides of palladium form the next subject of inquiry; and the author concludes from his experiments that the loss of chlorine which the protochloride undergoes, when kept for some time in a state of fusion at a red heat, is perfectly definite; and also that the loss represents one half of the chlorine which the salt contains. But in the double salts formed by the protochloride of palladium with the chlorides of the alkaline metals, he finds that the similarity of constitution usually occurring between the compounds of ammonium and potassium is violated. From his analysis of the oxychloride of palladium the author concludes that it is quite analogous to the ordinary oxychloride of copper. He then examines a variety of products derived from the action of a solution of caustic potash on solutions of ammonia-chlorides of potassium. Their properties he finds to indicate analogies between palladium and other metals, whose laws of combination are better known. The sulphate, the ammonia-sulphates, the nitrates, and the ammonia-nitrates of palladium, and lastly, the double oxalate of palladium and ammonium, are, in like manner, subjected to examination in a detailed series of experiments. The second section of the paper relates to the compounds of platinum, and comprehends researches on the composition of the protochloride of platinum; on the action of ammonia on biniodide of platinum; and on the action of ammonia on the perchloride of platinum: in which the properties of these substances are detailed and the formulae expressing their composition deduced.

'Magnetic Observations made at Prague for Sept. 141,' by C. Kreil.

April 7.—W. T. Brande, Esq., V.P. in the chair.

The following papers were read:—

1. 'Meteorological Observations taken on board H.M.S. Erebus, for August and September, 1841,' by Capt. J. C. Ross, R.N.—2. 'Meteorological Observations taken by the Niger Expedition, for May, June, and July, 1841.—3. 'Meteorological Observations taken at the Magnetic Observatory, Ross-Bank, Van Diemen's Land, for November and December 1840, and January, February, and March 1841.—4. 'Meteorological Observations taken at the Magnetic Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, for October and November 1841,' by Lieut. F. E. Wilmot, Esq., R.A.—5. 'Meteorological Observations taken at the

Magnetic Observatory, Toronto, for January, February, March, April, and May 1841,' by Lieut. C. W. Younghusband, Esq., R.A.—6. 'Of the ultimate distribution of the Air-passages, and of the modes of formation of the Air-cells of the Lungs,' by W. Addison, Esq.

April 14.—F. Baily, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—The Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., was elected a Fellow.

1. 'Remarks on the probable Natural Causes of the Epidemic Influenza, as experienced at Hull in the Year 1833; with a Delineation of the Curves of the Maximum, the Mean, and the Minimum Temperature in the Shade, and the Maximum Temperature in the Sun's Rays at Hull, during the Years 1823 and 1833,' by G. H. Fielding, M.D.—The meteorological causes to which the author ascribes the sudden occasion of the influenza at Hull, and its continuance from the 26th of April to the 28th of May 1833, are, first, the unusually cold weather during March, and also the cold and wet which prevailed during April; secondly, the sudden rise of temperature, amounting to 21° Fahr., which occurred in a few hours, on the 26th of April; and, thirdly, the continuance, through May, of extreme vicissitudes of temperature between the day and the night; the burning heat of the days and the cold thick fogs, with easterly winds, commencing generally about sunset, and prevailing during the night.

2. 'Report of a remarkable appearance of the Aurora Borealis below the clouds,' by the Rev. J. Farquharson, L.L.D.—The phenomenon recorded occurred on the night of the 24th of February, when a remarkable aurora borealis was seen by the author, apparently situated between himself and lofty stratus, which extended in long parallel belts, with narrow intervals of clear sky, in a direction from north-west to south-east. The author gives, in detail, the particulars of his observations.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 6, and 20.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair.

A notice was first read, 'On the Tetracaulodon,' by Mr. Koch.—The object of this communication is, to support the opinion that the Tetracaulodon is generically distinct from the Mastodon, and, consequently, that the tusks in the lower jaw are not merely sexual characteristics.\* Mr. Koch states, that, during his residence in the United States, he examined nearly all the inferior jaws of the Mastodon which have been preserved in public and private collections, but in no one instance did he ever observe any traces of a tusk; and Dr. Hays, of Philadelphia, is reported to have arrived at a similar conclusion respecting at least forty specimens of lower jaws. Mr. Koch refers particularly to the Mastodon in the Philadelphia Museum, and that preserved at Baltimore, both of which, he says, must have belonged to males. He then alludes to the impossibility of the Mastodon, with long upper tusks, making use of inferior ones, such as those forming the subject of the present discussion, and never exceeding twelve inches in length; but these tusks bear, notwithstanding, Mr. Koch says, evident signs of having been employed in rooting and grubbing; and hence he infers that the animal to which they belonged must have had equally short upper tusks. For the purpose of illustrating his views, the author proceeds to offer some remarks on three species of Tetracaulodon, to which have been applied the names of *T. Godmani*, *T. Kochii*, and *T. tapiroides*. The first has been described by Dr. Godman, its discoverer, and by Dr. Hays; but Mr. Koch calls attention to the characters presented by the maxillary and nasal bones, as well as to the additional foramen near the malar bone, and which is wanting in the Mastodon and elephant. Of the *T. Kochii* the author possesses an entire upper jaw, with six molars and two tusks, found resting on the lower jaw, which contained a tusk undisturbed in its alveolus. The upper tusks indicate, Mr. Koch says, that they were designed to be used in harmony with the lower tusk for rooting and grubbing. They are nineteen inches long, more than one-third of the entire length being concealed in the skull; and their greatest circumference, which is nine and a half inches, occurs at the apex, and not at the base. The enamel on the root is very thin, but at the opposite extremity it is uncommonly thick, and this part bears indisputable

\* See Report on Prof. Owen's Memoir, *Athen.* No. 748.

proofs of having been much used during the life of the animal. Mr. Koch admits that the left tusk disappears in the adult animal; but he says that both in the old and young individual the tusks have the same peculiarity of being equal in circumference at the root and farther extremity, and that the "bulb" for the reception of the nerve and nourishment of the tusks, resembles that of the upper tusks minutely, both in the old and young animal, which peculiarity would almost give rise to a suspicion of not merely a different variety of the Tetracaulodon, but even of a new genus." The *Tetracaulodon tapiroides* has received its specific name from the resemblance of its first grinder to the molar of the Tapir. An upper jaw, in Mr. Koch's collection, contains two tusks bent downwards like those of the moose, and thickly covered with enamel; and they plainly indicate, he says, that the animal fed on water-plants. In conclusion, the author calls attention to some peculiar vertebrae which were found associated with the skull and lower jaw of the Tetracaulodon, and he is of opinion that they exhibit characters in accordance with the supposed aquatic habits of that animal.

'A Memoir on the Flat Regions of Central and Southern Russia in Europe,' by Mr. Murchison, M. de Verneuil, and Count Keyserling.—This paper, which occupied a greater part of the first, and the whole of the second evening, included in our notice, described the flat regions of Russia traversed by the authors during the summer of 1841, the second devoted by them to the examination of that empire: and the account of Ural or mountainous districts is reserved for subsequent meetings. The formations which occupy this vast territory belong to the Silurian, Devonian, and carboniferous systems,—to a great series of deposits equivalent in geological position with the magnesian limestone of England, and the Zechstein of Germany; and to certain portions of the oolitic, cretaceous, and tertiary systems, the whole being overlaid by far-spreading masses of northern drift, and other detritus. It is impossible, in a notice suited to our columns, to grapple with the details of a paper, describing, for the first time, the true order of position of strata extending over twelve degrees of latitude, and thirty degrees of longitude; but we will endeavour to give an analysis of the conclusions arrived at by the authors. The centre of Russia, between the parallels of 52° and 54° north latitude, is occupied by a dome of Devonian rocks, which divides the empire into a northern and southern basin, each characterized by marked geological features, but most especially by all the good or workable coal being confined to the southern basin. Over the whole area of European Russia, however, whether it be traversed from Archangel to the Black Sea, from its western confines to the foot of the Ural Mountains, or from St. Petersburg to the Sea of Azof, the strata present a conformable succession and nearly horizontal position, except in the coal regions north of the Sea of Azof, where the carboniferous beds are dislocated and highly inclined, and overlaid unconformably by newer deposits. The Silurian rocks do not occur within the flat, central and southern regions of Russia, but they exist extensively in the Ural Mountains, and will be fully described in future memoirs. The Devonian rocks forming the central dome, before alluded to, differ lithologically from the equivalent strata in other parts of Russia, but they contain the distinguishing ichthyolites of the system, and the same testacea which occur in the Devonian rocks of the south-west of England, the Boulonnais, and the Eifel. They are, moreover, surmounted along their northern frontier by the lowest strata of the mountain limestone. The authors' knowledge of the carboniferous system of Russia was greatly increased during their last expedition. In the northern region, or basin, and ranging from near Moscow to Archangel, it exhibits great uniformity of character, consisting principally of a white limestone, which often resembles the calcareous gressier of Paris, and it contains only one thin bed of very impure coal; but, in consequence of their extended researches, the authors show, that the system may be separated into three divisions, the lowest being characterized by the great *Productus hemisphericus*, the middle one by the *Spirifer Mosquensis*, and many well known carboniferous shells,

‡ For notices of the researches of Mr. Murchison and M. de Verneuil during 1840, see *Athenæum*, Nos. 676 and 723.

and the upper division by the great abundance of a Foraminifera, to which Fischer de Waldheim has applied the name of *Fusulina*. The establishment of this triple subdivision has enabled the authors to correct some important errors in previous classifications of Russian deposits. But the most interesting feature in the system, south of the central dome, occurs between the Don and the Dnieper, and consists of a vast interlacement of limestones containing the same fossils as near Moscow, with sandstones, shales and numerous seams of bituminous, as well as anthracite, coal. This series, the authors state, is distinguished from the coal measures of western Europe, by the absence of all beds containing fluviatile, or lacustrine remains. Along the western flank of the Ural Mountains, the carboniferous limestone is overlaid by grits, conglomerates, shales, and flaggy limestones, containing new species of Goniatites and plants common to the whole carboniferous series. These beds are considered by the authors, to be the equivalents of the coal-fields, and the lower newer red sandstone of England, or the rothe-todt-liegende of Germany; and reasons are given for separating the latter, with its British representative, from the newer red sandstone series, and making it the upper but an integral part of the coal measures. The next system of deposits, in ascending order, claimed the particular attention of the authors, on account of the difference of opinion which had been expressed respecting its true geological position, and the most competent observers having begged them to make it an object of careful research. The series consist of inoculating deposits of limestones, marls, and gypsum, with grits, sandstones, and conglomerates, containing copper, of saliferous marls, sandstones and rock salt, and of bituminous grits; and it is characterized by a peculiar Fauna, but it contains, also, the typical shells of the magnesian limestone of England, and of the zechstein of Germany, as well as the distinct saurians of those formations. The authors, therefore, place it definitely on the parallel of the bed occurring in Western Europe between the carboniferous and triassic systems. Nevertheless, if it had not been for the vast development of this series in Russia, for its possessing an independent Flora and Fauna, and for the want of a term to express a complex series of deposits occupying a geological situation, intermediate between the carboniferous and triassic systems, the authors would have hesitated to have erected these important rocks into a system. They feel, however, that they are fully justified in doing so, and they propose to designate the system by the appellation Permian, on account of its extensive distribution in the government of Perm, and because none of the names, applied to subordinate members of the system in other parts of Europe, express the aggregate characters of the Russian deposits. The system has been long mineralogically known along the western base of the Ural Mountains, where it abounds in copper ores, which are not distributed in veins, but are disseminated through the sandstones and grits, especially in those parts in which vegetables occur, the original plant being often replaced, or charged by carbonates and other ores of copper. In the north of Russia the system is feebly exhibited, consisting of only a bed of inconsiderable thickness. Overlying these strata occurs a deposit of green and red marl and sands, destitute, apparently, of organic remains, but occupying a vast region. Whether these marls are the representatives of the triassic system, or belong to the Permian, the authors decline to offer any opinion, not being provided with that evidence which they consider sufficient. The regular sequence in the ascending order between the Permian, or the beds last noticed, and the cretaceous series, is partially represented in Russia, many of the deposits constituting marked features in the English secondary formations being totally wanting, and others but imperfectly represented. The authors, however, show, that the beds between the red and green marls and the cretaceous series, are separable into two divisions, the lowest consisting of dark shales and ferruginous sands, being the equivalent of the inferior and middle oolitic deposits of England; and the upper composed of earthy and sandy limestones, being on a parallel with the coral rag and Portland oolite; and the correctness of the classification is proved by lists of fossils, including well-known British species. This attenuation of a great European series of rocks was

due, the authors conceive, to changes of level between sea and land, whereby large areas were for a time raised above the ocean, and again depressed beneath it; and they adduce, in support of this opinion, instances of erosion or denudation in the red and green marls before the deposition of the bottom bed of the oolitic series. Though these strata occupy comparatively small areas, especially near Moscow, and on the Volga and Okka, they are extensively distributed in the government of Simbisk and Saratof, also on the south-west flanks of the Ural, and in the steppes of the Kirghiss; but the superior division is only known on the upper Donetz. The cretaceous system of Russia is, in many respects, identical with that of western Europe, and it contains several of the long known characteristic fossils; it occasionally, however, presents discrepancies in composition passing in the highest part into arenaceous strata; so that the fine white chalk is enveloped in masses of marlstone, sands, and ferruginous grit, analogous to the upper and lower green sand series of England. The tertiary strata of Russia are shown by the authors to agree most strikingly with those of England; the lowest bed being lithologically undistinguishable from the Bognor rock, and containing fossils, stated, on the authority of Mr. J. Sowerby, to be identical with Bognor species, and other beds are exact counterparts of the greyweathers of England, or the paving stones of Paris. The next strata, in ascending order, are shown to be of the age of the Vienna basin, or miocene epoch; and the shelly limestones of the steppes are stated to exhibit the finest examples of a transition from the pleiocene to the post-pleiocene series, the organic remains in the uppermost beds being undistinguishable from the shells of the Caspian. Of this most recent deposit, Russia, as the authors observe, possesses peculiarly two distinct accumulations; one, characterized by an arctic Fauna, now living in the North Seas, and the other by a Fauna of temperate zones, or that of the Caspian. In reviewing the phenomena presented by the vast territory which passed under their survey, the authors dwell on the uninterrupted succession of conformable marine deposits throughout nearly the whole of the flat regions of European Russia, or the non-intercalation of terrestrial, fresh-water, and estuary formations, connecting the absence of such strata with the total want of intrusive or other igneous rocks, as well as all evidence of violent disturbance and unconformability, except in the coal-field north of the Sea of Azof. The cause of these peculiarities, or the absence of plutonic rocks, is considered, by the authors, to have also influenced the lithological structure of the formation; some of the oldest of the Silurian strata having quite as recent an aspect as the cretaceous or tertiary beds. Another point of great zoological, as well as geological, interest, connected with the singular structure of Russia, is insisted upon in the memoir. Each formation is clearly marked by its distinct suite of organic remains, even in those cases where there is no unconformability or abrupt transitions between one series of rocks and the next in succession; and, therefore, Mr. Murchison observes, that this distinction, especially in the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian systems, cannot be due to violent operations, which destroyed one race of animals to make way for another; and consequently, that the theory, founded on such a supposition, and deduced from the investigation of countries which present numerous instances of violent commotions and unconformability, must be greatly modified before it can be admitted. In conclusion, the authors recapitulate the evidences of the marine origin of all the regular formations, to the newest tertiaries inclusive; alluding, nevertheless, to the proofs of the interruption in the sequence of the secondary strata, and the probable influence which the elevation of the central dome of Devonian rocks at a remote period had in the marked difference of the characters of the formations north and south of the dividing region; and they show that the submarine condition of the surface did not terminate with the post-pleiocene epoch, but extended throughout the period when the superficial detritus was accumulated, and in part to within the historic era. Lastly, they allude to the effects produced by the operations of man on the waters of the lakes and rivers of Russia, proving that their diminished volume is due to the felling of the forests, and the cultivation of the soil.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 25.—Sir Charles Malcolm in the chair.

A paper 'On the Natron Lakes of Egypt,' was read by the Secretary. It was from Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and dated "On the Nile, Jan. 18." The usual route from the Nile to the Natron Lakes, is from Teranch, from which place the village of Zakook, the most northerly inhabited spot of the Wady Natroon, is distant twelve hours' march. The road passes over the ruins of an ancient town, which ruins have, of late years, been turned up in every direction, for the sake of the nitre, which abounds in the mounds of all the old towns of Egypt. The road, on reaching the summit of the low hills that skirt the desert, continues upon a high plain, with a slight ascent towards the west, varied by occasional undulations, for about twenty miles; after which it descends towards the Natron valley, the bottom of which is lower than the valley of the Nile. The village of Zakook, founded about twelve years since by the Europeans who established works here for the drying of the natron, now consists of about fifty or sixty huts, with a population of about 200 inhabitants of both sexes. The Natron is found both in the plain and in two or three of the lakes—some of the lakes contain only muriate of soda—most of the lakes contain water all the year round, and some are dried up in summer. In those lakes which contain both common salt and natron, these crystallize separately, the former above, in a layer of about eighteen inches thick, and the latter beneath, in a layer of about twenty-seven inches. All the lakes contain muriate of soda, though few produce natron. When the water of the salt and natron lakes has evaporated, a firm incrustation is left, when the natron called *Sattane* is collected. The natron is of two kinds, the white and the Sottance, the latter taken from the lakes, the former from the ground surrounding the lakes, and which is not inundated—the latter is of the best quality. The paper then goes on to describe the preparation which natron undergoes to fit it for the market. There are several springs of fresh water in the Natron valley, the purest of which is at the convents to the south; that of Dayr Baramoon being slightly salt. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is of opinion, that the fresh water found here and at the oases, filters beneath the mountains that separate the Wady Natroon from the Nile, and remains fresh from its not meeting with any of the salts on its passage. The process of infiltration is very slow, as the water of the lakes does not rise till three months after the rise of the Nile. The dip of the strata that borders the Natron valley is towards the N.E. Besides the population before stated of the village of Zakook, the four convents reckon together seventy-two inhabitants. The valley produces, in addition to the natron, rushes (*Sumar*) and bulrushes (*Berde*), used for making the well-known mats of Egypt. The best rushes, however, those used in the mats called *Me-noofee*, come from the valley called Wady *Sumar*, to the S.W. of the Natron valley three days' journey. Tamarisk and stunted palms, with the usual herbs of the desert, are the only vegetable productions of these valleys, besides the rushes. Gazelles, jerboas, foxes, and a few others common to the Libyan hills, are the only animals. The length of the Wady Natron is twenty-two miles, and its greatest breadth  $\frac{1}{2}$  from the brow of the hills, the bottom being only two miles broad. The hills and the undulating banks of the Wady are covered with rounded siliceous pebbles, and pieces of petrified wood. Of the *Baly el Fargh*, or *Bahr-bela-ma*, (river without water) Sir Gardner Wilkinson is disposed to deny its ever having been a watercourse; he says it has none of the characters of one, and asks what has become of the alluvial deposit which should be found, if in reality a portion of the waters of the Nile has flowed here?

The Secretary made a few observations on the paper, after which Mr. Cresson favoured the meeting with some account of some of the features and products of the West Coast of Africa, particularly of the colony of Liberia.

Some specimens of Electrottype Maps were on the table sent from Dresden, and the Secretary informed the meeting that Electrotyping was carried on in Germany with practical advantage, as, by its means, the splendid Atlas of Saxony might now be had for

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**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—April 20.—Benjamin Rotch, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A Patent Alarm Lock, of Messrs. Thomson & Co., was brought under consideration; Mr. Domville opened the lock, and showed that it was so contrived, that before the key could be introduced a circular plate, which covered the key-hole, had to be removed. That in doing so a bell was struck any number of times, from one to thirty, according to the will of the owner. A lock, with a somewhat similar arrangement, which was rewarded by the Society in 1836, was also exhibited; the principal difference being, that the latter rings the bell in the act of locking and unlocking, while in the former it is a preliminary measure. The attention of the meeting was next called to the Reversible Broom, which, by a very simple contrivance, enables the broom to be worn fairly out by means of a shifting handle, instead of on one side only, as is the case under the old plan, where the handle is fixed in one direction only. The next subject was Mr. Osler's Anemometer, which was explained by Mr. E. Solly, jun.

**INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—April 19.—The President in the chair.—The discussion was renewed upon Col. Jones's paper, 'On the Forms of Breakwaters'; and it was contended, that the action of the shingle upon certain benches, which had been treated of at great length by Mr. Palmer, in a paper sent to the Royal Society, demonstrated the necessity of adopting a slope for works destined to support the action of the sea, and that as the angle of the shingle varied under different circumstances, which stone work could not do, it was necessary to adopt a slope, which should provide against the most violent efforts of the sea.—A paper was read describing 'A Flushing Apparatus, used for cleansing the Sewers in the Holborn and Finsbury Divisions, with remarks upon the causes of Accumulations in Sewers,' by Mr. Roe.—It appeared, that in these two districts, there are upwards of eighty miles of sewers, in a large proportion of which, from the variety of levels, the general want of fall, and other causes, large deposits take place, causing manifold inconveniences, as well as generating bad effluvia, &c. The means formerly adopted for clearing away these deposits, was to open the sewer, raise the mass of silt into the street, and cart it away. The annoyance was so severely felt, that experiments were instituted for the purpose of endeavouring to use a head of water, for forcing forward the accumulations, and cleansing the sewer. After many trials, the apparatus, of which models and drawings were exhibited, was invented by Mr. Roe, surveyor of sewers for the districts in question. The apparatus consists of an iron frame, set in the sewers with a hinged door half its height, which fits with a water-tight joint; it is opened and closed by means of a jointed rod, which is worked from the level of the street. A head of water is allowed to collect against the closed door, and, when sufficiently heavy, the door is suddenly opened, and the whole mass moves forward, carrying before it all accumulations, until it issues at the outfall. This operation is repeated with a head of water of three feet, at intervals of half a mile, and the success is stated to be perfect. Numerous modifications of the system were described, and many improvements, which have sprung out of the first invention.—Mr. Farey exhibited and described the construction and action of an Indicator for Steam Engines, one of a set made for the French Government, by Mr. Penn, of Greenwich.

April 26.—The President in the chair.—A paper was read 'On a new mode of raising Ships, of all classes, out of the water for repair, &c.,' by Mr. Mallet, of Dublin. The plan was proposed for the purpose of replacing the Graving Dock, and the Patent Slip, in certain situations, where such constructions were either too expensive, or an appropriate locality prevented their adoption. The paper reviewed the principal method hitherto in use, such as standing by bilge ways, careening, or heeling over, lifting by Camel, the Graving Dock, the Floating Dock, or Caisson, the Screw and the Hydraulic Docks (both American inventions), and Morton's Patent Slip; it enu-

merated the localities for which each of these inventions were most applicable, and the objections to them. The author then described the general principle of his invention to be, the diffusion of the load or strain over the greatest possible number of fixed points, and avoiding casual and unequal strains—that there should be uniform motion, with a power proportioned to the resistance. In providing for this, the joggle-joint has been used throughout. The machine consists of a platform, supported upon a series of frames, with joints at each end, attached at the lower ends to fixed points in the foundation, and at the upper ends, to the under cell, which is traversed by a series of beams, to the ends of which are attached rods, connected with rollers working in grooves along a suspended railway, on the cantilevers of two pulleys, run out to form the sides of the apparatus; a chain connected with all these rollers traverses in each suspended railway groove, and, being set in motion by a steam-engine and wheel-work, when the vessel is floated into the platform and made fast, the frames raise the platform and vessel gradually out of the water, permit free access all round the ship, and, when the repairs are completed, the whole is again lowered into the water. It is contended, that many practical advantages would arise from this system—that the ship would not be strained—that time would be gained, and that it is superior to any method now practised. A series of drawings and a model illustrated the inventor's views.—Mr. Denroche's paper, 'On the compression of Gases,' gave an account of the invention of Portable Gas, by Mr. David Gordon—the experiments made by him, the improvements introduced into the forcing pumps, and other parts of the apparatus,—and the arrangements of the Gasworks at London, Edinburgh, Paris, and other places. Drawings illustrated the communication.

**INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—April 18.—Earl De Grey, President, in the chair.—Frederick Cope was elected an Associate.—Thomas Smith, of Hertford, and H. Kendall, jun., were admitted as Fellows; and Messrs. F. White and R. Palford, as Associates.—A communication was read from the Chevalier Luigi Canina, Hon. and Corr. Member, announcing his intention of presenting to the Library a copy of a work intrusted to him by the Queen Dowager of Sardinia, in illustration of the ancient city of Tusculum, Her Majesty having ordered that the few copies of the work should not be offered for sale, but be distributed chiefly amongst institutions whose object is the promotion of the study of antiquity and of the fine arts.—A paper was read, descriptive of Keene's cement, by Messrs. White, who exhibited several specimens of fresco and encaustic painting on the same, executed by Mr. Latilla.—Prof. Hosking delivered a second discourse upon the composition and construction of bridges.—Mr. John W. Papworth, Associate, was presented with the Soane medallion, awarded by the Institute, together with the premium of ten guineas offered by Miss Hackett, for his drawings and memoir for the restoration of Crosby Place, when the President complimented him upon the careful manner in which the authorities had been sought, and upon the degree of knowledge and industry exhibited in his restoration. His Excellency then addressed the meeting at some length on the various circumstances connected with the Society which had taken place since his absence in Ireland, congratulating the members upon the union of the two architectural societies having been at length effected, and upon the accession of H.R.H. Prince Albert as patron of the body.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—April 4.—W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.L.S., President, in the chair, by whom the continuation of a memoir on the Chrysomelidae of New Holland was read. Mr. Stephenson described a new apparatus for collecting insects by lamp-light. Mr. Newport characterized a new British Julus, from Sandwich. A note from Mr. Pettigrew was read, noticing the occurrence of entozoe in the human liver. The description of a new exotic Lamellicorn genus, by Mr. Westwood, was read; and also notes on the habits of Nysia Zonarin, by Mr. Gregson; and on the Parasitism of the Nornade, by Mr. F. Smith.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. British Architects, 8 P.M.—Annual.
- Entomological Society, 8.
- Horticultural Society, 3.—Anniversary.
- TUES. Civil Engineers, 8.—On the Strength of Carriage Bodies as affecting the safety of Railway Travelling, by U. P. M. Hankins.—Notes on the Railroad constructing between Liege and the Prussian frontier, passing through Verrier, Belgium, by Lieut. Oldfield, R.E.—A Description of the Tunnel between Bristol and Bath on the Great Western Railway, showing the modes adopted for executing the work, by C. Nixon.—The monthly ballot for members will take place at half-past nine o'clock.
- Linnean Society, 8.
- Horticultural Society, 3.
- Chemical Society, 8.
- WED. Geological Society, 4 P.M.
- Society of Arts, 8.
- THURS. Royal Society, 4 P.M.
- Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- FRI. Royal Institution, 4 P.M.—The Evolution of Phosphorus, and its use as a source of Fire, by Mr. Griffiths.
- Botanical Society, 8.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The difficulties with which our new manager has to contend, remind us of the homely proverb, that one man may take a horse to the well, but a dozen cannot make him drink. Mr. Lumley has engaged an abundant corps of singers, comprising five tenors, and yet this day week, in place of a regular entertainment, a *pasticcio* was given, bad enough to fright all the musical amateurs "from their propriety." Rumour declared, that Persian and Guasco were really ill, that Mario declared himself to be so, that Ronconi would not sing again till he had taken the town by storm in 'Torquato Tasso,' and that some green-room feud made Poggi's singing with Ronconi a matter of delicacy. Hence ensued a dead lock, as complete as that of the uncles and the lovers in Sheridan's 'Critic,' and in place of a complete opera, we had a few scenes of the eternal 'Norma,' with Moltini (!) as the Druidess, a Signora Gramaglia, who had never rehearsed, for the *Adalgisa*, and a Signor Fenari Stella as *Pollione*,—this gentleman, if rated at his highest, being one of those mediocrities, whose engagement, we conceive, it would be impossible for the staunchest adherent of "the powers that be" to defend.

On Tuesday, matters had in some measure arranged themselves: Bellini's feeble 'Beatrice di Tenda' was produced, with Signora Poggi Frezzolini as heroine, Guasco as lover, and Ronconi as tyrant-husband. Both of the latter have advanced with the public in consequence of this performance. "The stand" (to borrow a theatrical phrase) made by Guasco, is not only creditable to his present powers, but full of promise as regards his future position. There must be stuff in the young tenor, who can sustain himself, whether as in 'Lucia,' in one of Rubini's best characters, or thus as in 'Beatrice,' in a part of which Rubini could make nothing. Ronconi's singing, too, was superb. Bellini's baritone songs, written mostly on some favourite five notes, are the very music in which this fine singer best exhibits his declamatory force and delicacy, and his rich but limited voice. His performance, too, of the part of *Filippo* was very fine; inasmuch as, though not graceful, his acting is instinct with intelligence and passion. We have purposely postponed mention of the new *prima donna*, from reluctance to report unfavourably of a *début* which had excited great expectations. Fatigue after a long journey—inexperience of Her Majesty's theatre and Her Majesty's public, &c.—such pleas were considerably whispered, to modify the judgment, and engage the gentle construction of sour critics like ourselves. But giving them all the force they possess, and that which courtesy gladly superadds, and holding ourselves open to change of opinions as reason may appear, we do not conceive that Madame Poggi Frezzolini could succeed to the throne of Pasta, Malibran, and Grisi, without going through most severe studies, or the public losing some portion of its appreciating power. Her voice, it is true, is a *soprano* of the most extensive compass, and fine, solid quality, but it seems to us preternaturally strained in the manner of its production, and not merely from the fatigue of a journey, or the anxiety of a *début*. Then, too, with great pretensions to such combined flexibility of detail and breadth of outline in ornament, as are required to decorate a grand *cantabile*, her whole style appears deficient in connexion and polish. In person she is very tall, with a face which in repose is handsome, but which the labour of her singing impresses with painful grimaces: her attitudes, too, are stoop-

ing and angular. Her faults, in short, appeared to us less accidents than characteristics. How far some of them may be the inevitable consequence of the change of style which is passing over Italian opera music, we may possibly consider on some future day. A Signora Keinzini made a luckless vocal exhibition in the pretty romance which *Agnese*, the Jane Seymour of the story, sings behind the scenes; as much of the remaining music of her part was cut out as was practicable. In the concerted pieces she was seen, not heard.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The scheme of the Earl of Westmoreland's Concert, on Wednesday evening, contained some choice things, and some well-established favourites; as usual, much of the effect of both was lost by the kaleidoscope system on which they were arranged;—'From the censer' being followed by 'The Hymn of Eve,' &c. The noblest choral piece of the evening was the 'Gloria' to Beethoven's mass in c major, which went very well, leaving us but to regret that it was not sung with the original Latin words: a piece of heterodoxy which might have been winked at, seeing that shortly afterwards an *offertorium*, by Hummel, was performed in all the original papistry of its Latin text. Not the least welcome feature of the evening was the opportunity it afforded us of comparing a Protestant *corale*—one of Luther's noble tunes—with the splendid specimen of Palestrina's Catholic music. The former, however, was the better given. The well-known quartet 'O voto tremendo,' from 'Idomeneo,' was performed with far greater sensitiveness, as to light and shade, than is usual in England: while the yet more familiar 'Sento O Dio!' from 'Così fan tutte,' was executed with such a union of ripeness and delicacy (the true Mozart spirit) as narrowly to escape an *encore*. Lablache's manner of treating his part in this, and all such movements, is a model for rising bass singers;—Mr. Bishop's comprehension of the *tempo* of German music, a thing to be studied, as a warning, by rising conductors. Other songs and concerted pieces were interesting. Madame Caradori sang a beautiful psalm by Marcellio, with chorus, 'I cieli immensi,' as cheerful a strain of holy jubilation as ever resounded through the vaults of a Southern church—yet grand as well as cheerful, and, unlike other florid church-music of its date, clear of the opera-tinsel of the time in which it was written. Her *scena* from the 'Appelle e Campaspe,' by Zingarelli, was not worth disinterring: being as difficult as it was colourless: compared with this, her delicious *cantabile* from Handel's 'Armida,' sounded as though written yesterday. It seemed to us, however, curious, that mistress of the art of gracing, as Madame Caradori confessedly is, she should have so pertinaciously withheld the exercise of her powers from a theme which, both by its form and the frequency with which it is repeated, does not merely invite, but demands, decoration. Lablache was superb as ever, in the air from 'Berenice': Mario, in a song from Paisiello's 'Barbiere,' the very *Lindoro* of the opera—sweet, sentimental, and Spanish-looking. He has, unquestionably, made important advances in his art since he was last in London. In his great *scena* from the 'Agnese,' Ronconi, by the ungracious baldness of his manner, did his utmost to cool down the admiration excited by his impassioned singing at the Opera on the previous evening. It is grievous to advert to the decay of voice in one of our few classical singers: but if Mr. Hobbs cannot sustain a, and dare not touch a, he has no business to attempt Purcell's 'Britons, strike home!' We would fain say a good word for Miss Birch, to whom a large share of the *soprano* music of the concert was intrusted; but if a lady will stand still in art, as though resolved to cling to defects of articulation and prettiness of style, what are honest men to do? On the other hand, Miss Dolby improves, and bids fair to add another to our list of good English *contraltos*. We have only to add, that the room was full, and that her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert passed the greater part of the evening in the Director's box.

OF THE MINOR CONCERTS, it is impossible to do more than to give a list, with here and there a word. Enough to say, that, within the last eight days, concerts have been given by Madame Huerta and Miss Flower—by Mr. C. Mangold, who should not attempt a Concerto of Beethoven's without orchestral

accompaniments—by Mrs. Fiddes, once Miss H. Cawse, whose *contralto* voice and musical knowledge are too valuable to be lost to the profession, as they have been of late,—and by Miss Lightfoot, who holds a respectable rank among the lady-composers of "Alice Grays," and "Silken Gowns," &c. To these add Mr. Wilson's Scottish *matinées* and *soirées*, where song and story are pleasantly intermixed,—and Mr. Russell's clever recitations of his own ballads, where the manner is better than the matter, to say nothing of operas, Ekster Hall exercises, &c., and we think the far-away-reader, with such a catalogue before him, will have a right to exclaim, that London is, at present, indeed "all ear."

MADAME CARADORI ALLAN respectfully announces to her friends and the public that her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, under the Patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN DOWAGER, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, in the CONCERT ROOM of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY, May 6, 1842. Principal Vocal Performers.—Madame Persiani, Madame Frezzolini Poggi, Mademoiselle Molteni, and Madame Caradori Allan; Signor Rubini, to whom an engagement will be offered on his arrival; Signor Guasco, Signor Poggi, Signor Lablache, Signor Ronconi, and Signor F. Lablache. Piano-forte, Madame Dulcken. Clarinet, Signor Ernesto Cavallini. Violoncello, Mr. Lindley. Oboe, M. Barret. French Horn, Signor Puzzi. Arrangements are pending with several other distinguished instrumentalists. Conductor, Signor Costa.—Boxes, stalls, reserved seats near the piano-forte, and pit-tickets (for which an early application is respectfully solicited), may be obtained of Madame Caradori Allan, and of the principal Music-sellers.

THE LONDON PROFESSIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY respectfully announces, that in consequence of its great success last year, they will repeat Haydn's 'SEASONS,' in THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 6, previous to which an Anthem composed by Miss Canby, Principal Vocal Performers: Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mrs. W. Loder (late Miss Woodruff), Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Stretton, and Mr. Machin. The Band selected from the Opera, Academy, and Philharmonic Orchestras. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Organ, Mr. Brownsmith. Conductor, Mr. F. G. Harris. Tickets 2s. each. Reserved seats 7s. each, which will be in the centre of the room, may be had at all the Music Warehouses, and at the Rooms.

SCOTTISH MUSIC. ON MONDAY EVENING, at the MUSIC HALL, STORE-STREET, Mr. WILSON will sing the following songs in his ENTERTAINMENT:—'My Ain Fire-side'—'Saw ye my Wee Thing?'—'Auld Robin Gray'—'The Laird o' Cockpen'—'Lizzie Lindsay'—'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled'—'Get up and bar the Door.' Part II.—'Jack Hazeldean'—'My Boy Tammy'—'Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu'—'Come under my Plaidie'—'Thee's nae Luck about the House'—'Wood's and Married's A'.

At the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY MORNING, at Two o'clock, the Adventures of Prince Charles, with the illustrative Jacobite Songs.

Tickets and Programmes may be had at the Rooms and the Music-shops. THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE. On Monday Evening, March, Her Majesty's Theatre will perform Shakespeare's Tragedy of MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Macready; Banquo, Mr. Anderson; Macduff, Mr. Phelps; Ross, Mr. Elton; Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Warner; Hecate, Mr. H. Phillips; with the Opera of THE STUDENTS OF BONN. Tuesday, GISIPPUS; with THE QUAKER; and THE STUDENTS OF BONN. Wednesday there will be no performance.

Thursday, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Macready; Ghost, Mr. Phelps; Polonius, Mr. Compton; Laertes, Mr. Elton; Grave-digger, Mr. Keeley; Queen, Mrs. Warner; Ophelia, Miss P. Horton; with Handel's Opera of ACIS AND GALATEA. Friday, THE GAMESTER.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Artesian Well at Grenelle.**—The sand and clay, which have so long rendered the water of the Artesian Well thick and muddy, appear to be completely exhausted, and for some weeks the flow has been uniformly as clear as well-filtered river water.

**Sugar.**—A letter from Athens, of the 28th March, mentions that the directors of the Royal Sugar Manufactory at Kainourio-Chorio, where, for some time past, beet-root sugar has been made, have just concluded some experiments on the root of the asphodel, which grows naturally throughout the whole of Greece in great abundance. These experiments have been crowned with success. Not only is the sugar of admirable quality, but the quantity is six times greater than that furnished by the beet-root.

**Steam-Engine, &c.**—The *Propagateur de l'Aube* announces the invention of a new steam-engine by Messrs. Stinzel and Mirlua, of Gray, in the Haute Saône. "It is not," says this journal, "upon the high or low pressure, but on a rotary principle. It will require a comparatively very narrow space, leaves no chance of loss of steam by dilatation, and is so simple that even the most unskilful person may manage it. Its cost will be little, if anything more, than half that of the present engines. Hitherto, the force of steam-engines has not been carried beyond 500 horse-power, but this new machine may be brought up to 1,000 horse-power. This statement, so important in the science of mechanics, is attested by a report from the authorities of Gray."—A clock-maker of Chalons, M. Rabiet, has taken out a patent for a new clock which winds itself up in the act of striking. The mechanism is said to be so simple that these new clocks can be sold at a low price.

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An experience of nearly twenty years has enabled Mr. Pellatt to embellish of Cathedrals and Churches, such as Stalls, Pinnacles, Enriched Tracery, Chairs, Communion Halls, Tables, Altars, Pulpits, Reading Desks, Lecterns, and suitable to the Gothic, Finalis, Organ Screens, Gallery Fronts, &c. &c. at one-half the price usually charged.—Estimates given, and Contracts entered for the entire Fitting-up, Restoration, or Repairs, of any Cathedral, Church, or Monastery.

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**FOUNTAINS, VASES, and STATUES, (a collection above 1,000.)** Garden Ornaments, and Building Decorations, may be seen at the Exhibition yard of AUSTIN & SEELEY, corner of Cleveland-street, near Portland-place.

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The pavement is stronger and more durable than stone or marble, while it affords the advantages of colour and design. The Patentees can refer with perfect security to that which they have recently executed, from Mr. Barry's design, in the Saloon of the Reform Club House, in Pall Mall.

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By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

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**THE PATENT DRUMS** are now in use in Her Majesty's Private Band, the Household Cavalry, several regiments of Horse and Foot, Yeomanry, &c. and are adopted by the most distinguished Musical Societies. The patent improvements are applied to every variety of drum. By this application they can be tuned or braced with accuracy, ease, and certainty. The instruments in which these improvements are introduced, are elegant and simple in construction, are more durable, easier kept in order, and are not more expensive than those on the old construction. Further particulars and the highest testimonials forwarded on application to the Inventor and Patentee, C. Ward, Musical Instrument Maker, 36, Great Fitzrichard-street, London.—*Caution.* There are persons who pretend to make improved Kettle Drums, but these instruments will not bear comparison in any respect with the patent ones.

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**PATTERN OF TOOTHBRUSH,** made on the most scientific principle, and patronized by the most eminent of the faculty. This celebrated Brush will reach thoroughly into the distance of the teeth, and will clean in the most effectual and extraordinary manner. Metcalfe's Tooth-Brushes are famous for being made on a plan that the hairs never come loose in the month, price 1s. An improved Clothes-brush, made on the same principle, and will clean in the most effectual and extraordinary manner. Metcalfe's Clothes-brushes are famous for being made on a plan that the hairs never come loose in the month, price 1s. An improved Clothes-brush, made on the same principle, and will clean in the most effectual and extraordinary manner. Metcalfe's Clothes-brushes are famous for being made on a plan that the hairs never come loose in the month, price 1s.

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**COSMETICS.**—Too much caution cannot be used

by Ladies in the adoption of these aids to beauty, many of them being very injurious in their effects. To point out an innocent and efficacious one, is therefore to render an acceptable service to the fair sex. GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS has acquired great celebrity as well for its efficacy as for pleasure in its application. It communicates a refreshing coolness and softness to the skin, and completely removes Tan, Pimples, and Eruptions, giving to the Complexion a clear and beautiful appearance not to be otherwise obtained.

To be had of any respectable Perfumer or Medicine Vendor, in Bottles at 2s. 6d. each.

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WITH ABOVE TWO THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

[The Proprietors have succeeded in purchasing, at the Sale of the Works of the late SIR DAVID WILKIE, a number of Designs by that great painter, illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, all of which will be given in the progress of this Edition.]

This day is published, price 2s. 6d., PART I. of

# THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

To be continued each alternate Saturday till completed.

## Opinions of the Press.

"TIME, which is 'a sore decayer' of minor reputations, would seem but to have matured and mellowed the fame of Sir Walter Scott; and that fame, as it has ripened, has enlarged. Successive editions of his works have poured themselves, not only throughout these islands, but over all the civilized surface of the European and American continents, rolling on like the waves of the sea, with as rapid an advent, and almost in as countless numbers. There is hardly a class of readers, conversant with our language, to whom his incidents, his characters, his descriptions, his kindly feelings, and his attractive lore, have not become a permanent delight and a favourite study. His family, within these few days, have begun to send forth his novels in a new impression of some thousands of copies, called the Abbotsford Edition, more interesting and more perfect than any of its predecessors. The scheme of it is to illustrate the novels by authentic likenesses of the most distinguished historical persons of his dramas, and the most remarkable objects and places which form their decorations and scenery. The imagination of Scott, creative as it was, appeared ever to desiderate some visible object for a groundwork, some extant portrait, or some living landscape, or some well-preserved relic, by which it could bridge the airy space between the present and the past, and transport itself back into the daily life of the generations gone by. These germs of his great works are now collected, to accompany their narrative, and illustrate their conception. Accordingly, the real localities of his scenes have been explored; the real portraits of his personages have been copied; and his surviving friends and personal admirers, as well as many public bodies and institutions, have liberally placed whatever their collections afforded at the disposal of the eminent artists engaged by the proprietors. Among these artists are Wilkie, Landseer, Stanfield, MacIse, Allan, Nasmyth, and many others whose very names give earnest of excellence. The promised embellishments are to be in number about 2,000; and among these, as Mr. Lockhart says in a note to one of his friends, which we have chanced to see, 'the reader will have the real portraits of almost all Scott's heroes from history, of all the castles and towers that haunted his imagination, and of all the multifarious articles of curiosity which he delighted in assembling about him, and shewing off to his visitors.' The first number, the only one which has yet appeared, contains a portion of Waverley, and comprises, among the landscapes, a view of the Highlands, from the Teith below Callander, and of the celebrated Eildon-hills, the land of Thomas Erichson. Among the relics we have the armorial bearings of Sir Walter himself, the chair in which he sat, and the desk in which the manuscript of Waverley was found; and, among the specimens of costume, the court dress of the time of George II., and the figure, in the uniform of an officer of the Black Watch. These and most others of the engravings, twenty-four in number, which embellish this first part, are given from the reality; others, equally beautiful, are from fancy drawings, which harmonize with the taste of the author, and accurately reflect, in the style of their buildings and figures, the general character of the time to which the story of Waverley belongs. The sale of this edition is likely to be an extensive one in all quarters of the world; and upon this the family of Scott have probably been taught by their publisher to calculate; for it is only by the large demand which may be expected for such a work that they can possibly be reimbursed for it, at the extremely low price which they have put upon each number. We doubt not that they have judged wisely; and we rejoice in every undertaking that widens the sphere of their great progenitor's reputation, and with it the reputation of our common country."—*Times*.

"This splendid edition of the Waverley Novels is rightly named the 'Abbotsford,' for the riches of that treasure-house of curious relics will be poured into the mine of invention, to which they served as talismans. What Mr. Knight has done for the great dramatist in the 'Pictorial Shakespeare,' the great novelist in part did for himself, and the proprietors of the novels are doing the rest; the materials collected by Sir Walter Scott for his own museum are made available to the gratification of the public, who will thus be enabled to read the fictions as it were in the author's study. Portraits of the living persons whose characters are depicted, the weapons they handled, and sketches of whatsoever the fame of Scott has hallowed, will be introduced in these pages. The First Part commences with the author's General Preface to the collected edition of his works, illustrated with delineations of his desk and chair, on which rest the staff and the homely habiliments of him who so often filled it; and the first five chapters of Waverley. Each chapter has its appropriate head and tail piece. The illustrations of this part are four and twenty, various in subject and by different artists, and the whole number will exceed two thousand; the most important and beautiful of them will be a series of one hundred landscapes, engraved on steel, in the most finished style, from drawings, on purpose made by Stanfield, whose accuracy is equal to his skill. The plate in the present number is a fine view of the 'Highland Hills,' from the Teith below Callander, the river winding through the valley to the foreground, and the mountains towering grandly in the distance, most beautifully engraved by Miller; an outline figure of an Officer of the Black Watch, drawn with spirit and precision by J. S. Stuart, and cut in wood with the sharpness of an etching by Kirchner, is also remarkable. In the list of the artists engaged in the work are the names of Wilkie, Landseer, MacIse, Roberts, Harvey, Lauder, Duncan, Allan, and others; and the engravers are first-rate. The half-crown number is cheaper than any of the pictorial publications, by the steel-plate frontispiece."—*Spectator*.

"We congratulate the public upon the appearance of this, the most splendid edition of the Waverley Novels that has ever appeared. The wood engravings especially are beautiful specimens of our best artists. We have rarely seen anything better in its way than the engraving of 'Waverley Honour.'"—*Atlas*.

"Another edition! Ay, and who shall tell how many will succeed, notwithstanding that the present bids fair to defy all competition. The illustrations to the part are twenty-four in number; and as they exhibit every variety of drawing, landscape, architecture and figure, and all are excellent, this specimen affords good ground for inferring that the work, when finished, will be complete in every department of pictorial art. They who are already possessors of the Novels will hardly be satisfied without having the illustrated edition as well; and they who are about to purchase will give this the preference, we conclude, to all others."—*John Bull*.

"We have never seen a more beautiful work."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"The design of the proprietors is an admirable one; and if we may form a judgment of the manner in which it will be carried out from the specimen before us, we may safely say, that the projected edition will be one which every one who honours the memory of Sir Walter Scott should take care to be possessed of."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

"This is in fact a pictorial edition of the Waverley Novels, and no doubt, so illustrated, will take the place of all others with those who can afford to purchase it; and we must add, that, when put in comparison with its merits, the price is singularly low."—*Hull Packet*.

"Altogether the work is got up in a style worthy of the great author, and there cannot be a doubt that the sale will be commensurate with the very great outlay which the proprietor must have incurred in its execution."—*Newcastle Journal*.

"Mr. Cadell merits the cordial gratitude of every reader of Sir Walter Scott for his spirited exertions to please the tastes and to suit the purses of all classes. There is the People's Edition of the Great Unknown's works, which can be purchased by almost the poorest person in Her Majesty's dominions; there is the Four Shilling Edition, which is an admirable one for families, literary societies, mechanics' institutions, &c.; and now we have No. 1. of the Abbotsford Edition, which, by the elegance of its typography and the exquisite beauty of its pictorial embellishments, must delight every lover of art, and find a purchaser in every person who can at all afford to possess himself of so beautiful a work. When we allude to the cost, we must be supposed to speak comparatively. The People's Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Works is almost unprecedentedly cheap—the Abbotsford Edition is brought before the public in an equally liberal spirit—the price is as nothing when the expense of getting up so splendid an edition is considered. If the style and execution of the embellishments continue equal to what appear in the first number, the Abbotsford Edition will be one of the most magnificent pictorial works ever issued from the press."—*Gloucester Journal*.

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